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Greens on Weak Ground

A Time to Gloat: Chris Buckley, Andy Ferguson & WFB

NATIONAL REVIEW

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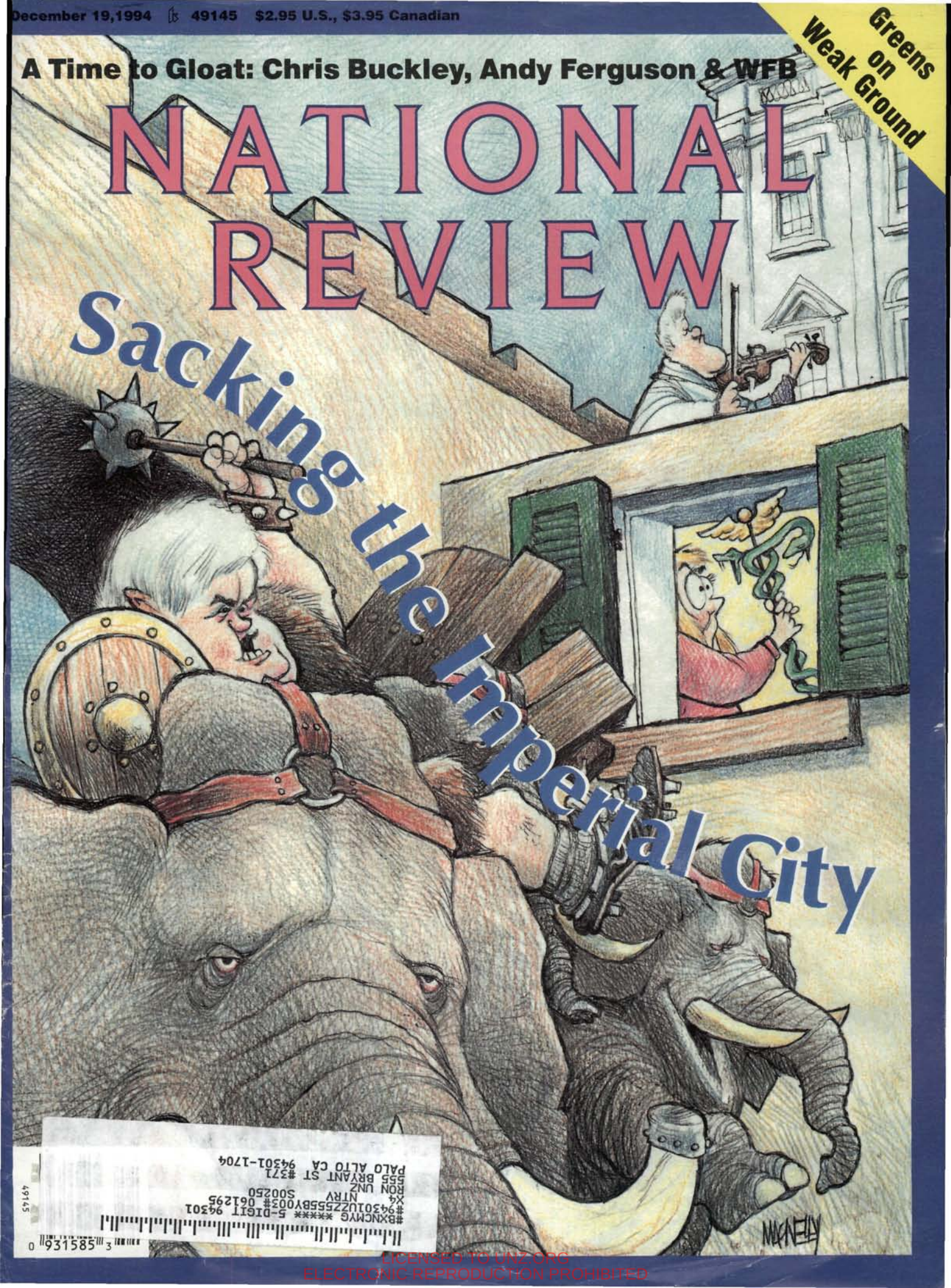

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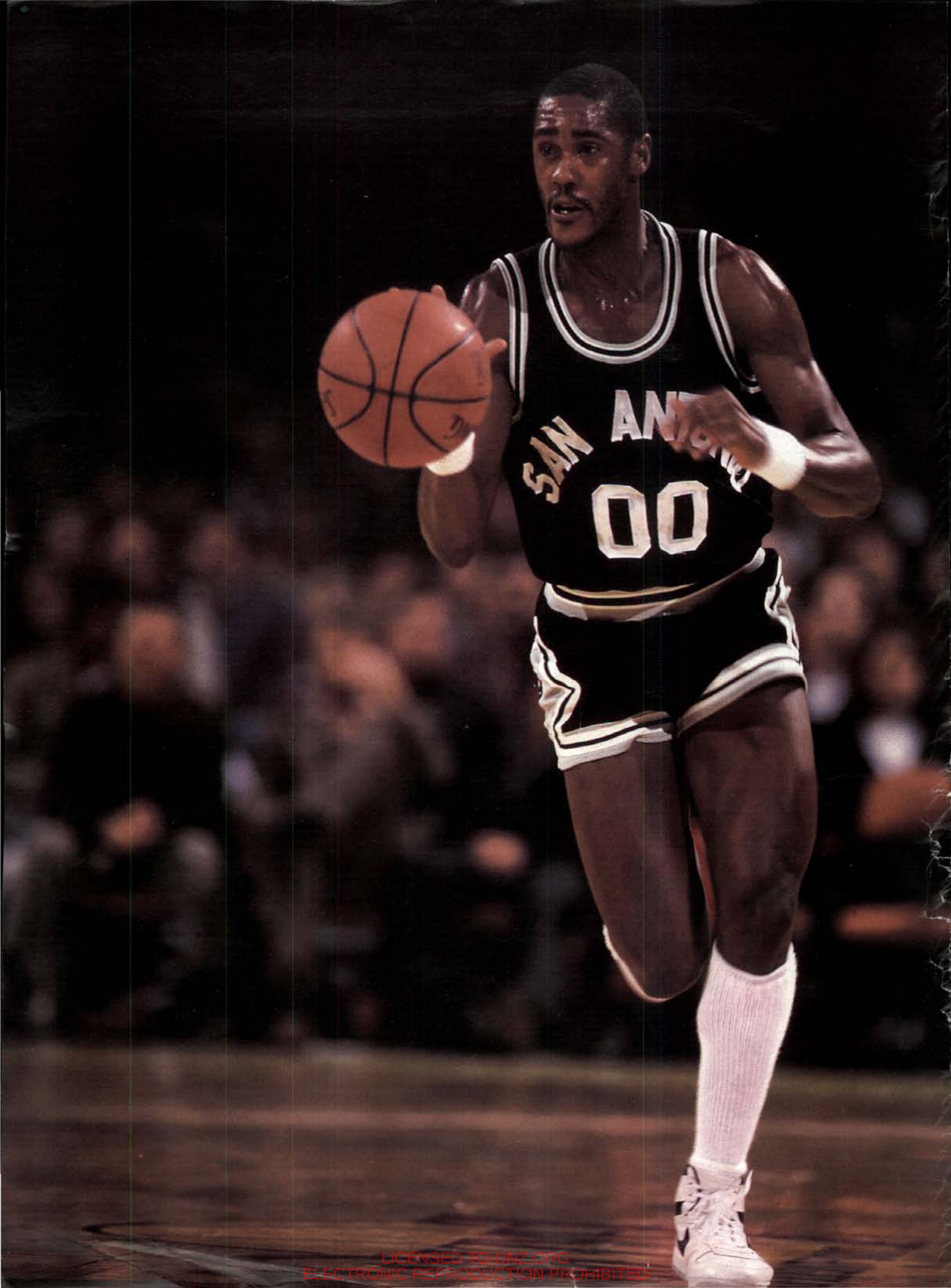

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"I was thinking, 'If I can just get to the game, I'll be all right.'"

JOHNNY MOORE
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

The point guard for the Spurs never made it to that game against the Lakers back in 1985. Instead, he landed in the hospital, where after 10 days he was diagnosed with a deadly infection.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 19, 1994 VOL. XLVI, NO. 24

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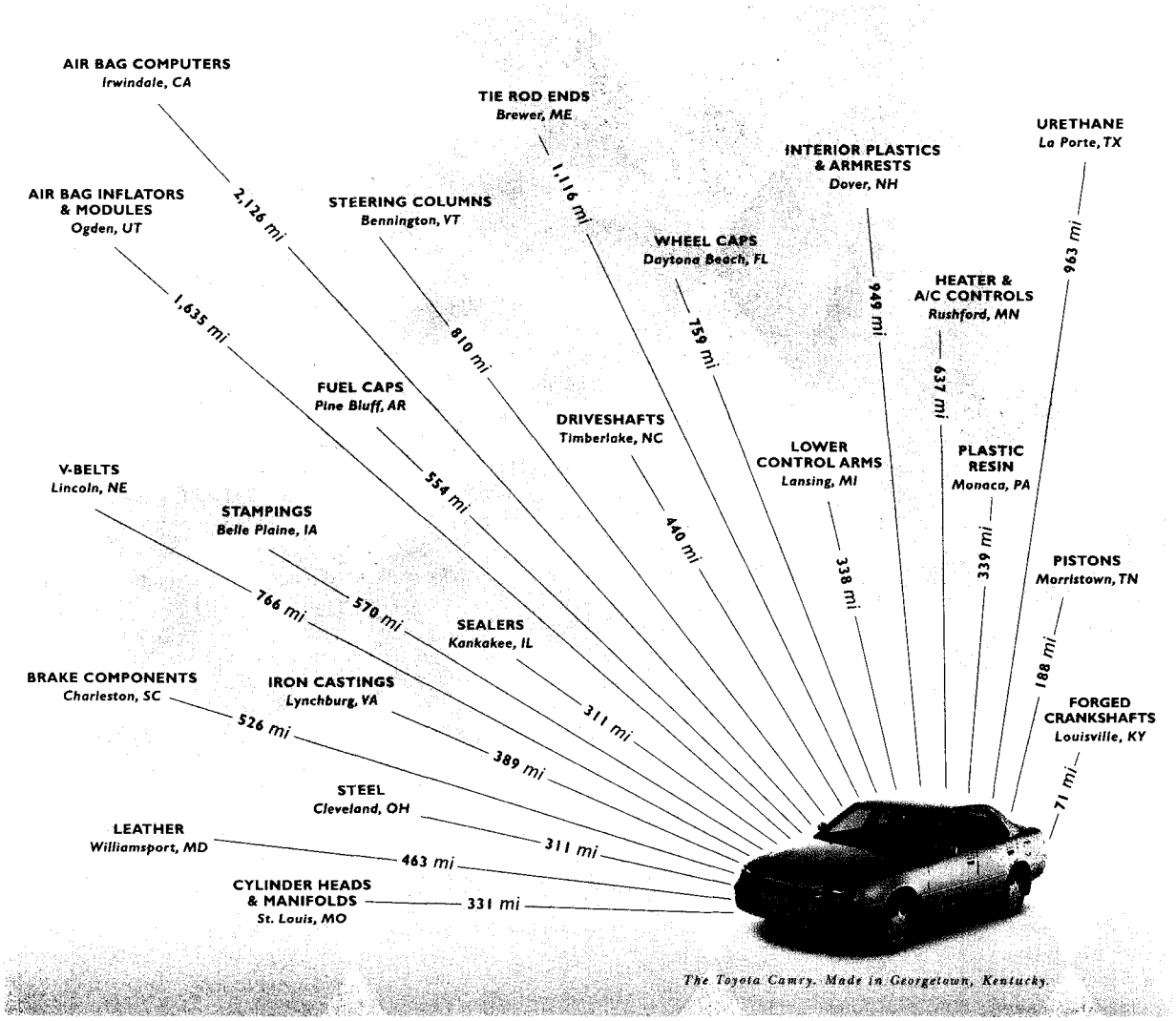

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Letters

Flat Tax—Flat Wrong?

What in the world have you done to Larry Kudlow? In an otherwise fine article on GOP tax proposals [Oct. 24], he suddenly parted with the "many free-market types" who support my flat tax and fired the charge that my plan will "wreck the housing market."

My plan calls for a flat tax rate of 17 per cent with no deductions other than highly generous personal allowances ($13,100 for individuals, $26,200 for married couples, plus $5,300 for each dependent child). Investment income is taxed only once, at its source, rather than two or three times, which is the case now. In effect, while lowering overall tax rates, the plan offers taxpayers the equivalent of an unlimited IRA and an elimination of the capital-gains tax.

This can't help fueling the real-estate industry—first, because the housing market is closely tied to rising wages and a growing economy, and second, because it will vastly improve capital formation, on which the industry's health depends. Without today's lunatic double taxation of savings, the capital pool will expand dramatically, which will lower interest rates, increase housing demand, and buoy real-estate prices at or above their current level. Far from being "wrecked," the housing market will prosper in the flat-tax boom.

As for individual taxpayers who might be nervous about losing their home-mortgage deduction, anyone with a pencil can quickly see they get a much better deal with the flat tax. Take a family of four making $50,000. If they're typical, they might take $23,700 worth of deductions under today's code ($10,000 in personal exemptions, $7,700 for housing interest, $3,500 for state and local taxes, and $2,500 in charitable contributions) and pay high rates on the rest of their income. Under my flat-tax plan, however, they would deduct a larger amount ($36,800) and pay a lower rate after that. Few such families will miss their itemized deductions while they are pocketing substantial tax cuts ($800 in this example).

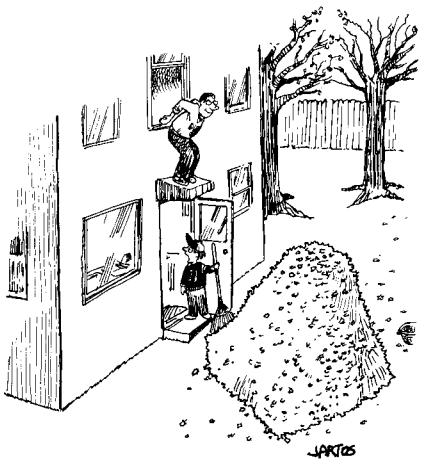
Today's tax code is as much a tool for social engineering as it is a method of raising government revenue. It's an offense against free-market economics. I have great respect for Larry Kudlow's opinions, which are normally unerring. I expect to convince him to come home and support a fair, neutral flat tax.

Dick Armey
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

While I agree with the theoretical tax-policy principles of simplicity, fairness, and rate reduction, I remain unconvinced of the political or economic desirability of Dick Armey's current flat-tax proposal. In his example, Mr. Armey underestimates the impact of repealing the state and local tax deduction, which includes the homeowners' property tax as well as state and city income taxes.

I also believe that ending the mortgage-interest deduction would be quite painful, including the steep transition cost of refinancing mortgages in a period of rising interest rates. The combination of these two deduction eliminations would damage home values severely. Remember, the mortgage deduction and the state and local tax deduction were designed in part to equalize regional differences. The flat tax would remove this benefit, and effectively would tax taxes.

Additionally, since the Gingrich/Armey Contract with America includes a middle-class tax credit for families with children, does the flat-tax proposal mean to repeal this credit after one year? A flat tax must end all existing credits and deductions.



"I raked the leaves like you wanted them, Dad. What now?"

Wouldn't this prevent tax credits or deductions to reform health care? Or the tax-credit proposals in the Contract for family adoption and senior citizens' dependent care? What's more, should *people making less than $36,800 be totally exempt from income taxes? Might this not create a tax-free constituency that could be exploited by a future liberal Congress in order to raise taxes on those who still pay them?*

Then again, what of the payroll tax? This is surely the greatest barrier to full-time employment for middle-class workers and family-owned businesses. Unless Social Security and Medicare are fully reformed in the years ahead, today's payroll tax of 15.3 per cent could easily rise to 20 or even 25 per cent during the first quarter of the next century. Yet there is no mention of the payroll tax in the flat-tax proposal.

Finally, a good many taxpayers remember well the broken promises following the 1986 Tax Reform Act. Numerous deductions and credits were eliminated, in return for lower income-tax rates. However, since then tax rates have increased sharply from 28 per cent to 40 per cent, income thresholds have been lowered, the number of tax brackets has increased from two to five, and the number of deductions continues to shrink. In a perfect world a repeat of post-1986 on an even grander scale would not be a potential hazard. But we do not live in a perfect world. This is why I am opposed to repeal of existing deductions; it is the people's money, not the government's. And the government cannot be trusted.

Right now, I would be perfectly content to see passage of the more moderate tax proposal embodied in the Contract, bolstered by a rollback of the Bush–Clinton tax-rate increases. Should revenue scorekeepers find this package to be deficit enhancing, then we must find additional restraints in federal spending to pay for it. As Mr. Armey and I both believe, maintaining the lowest possible budget share of the economy, along with appropriate tax incentives to reward the extra hour worked, dollar invested, or risk taken, is the surest recipe to maximize economic growth. Then we can have a long sit-down in order to study ways and means to a more perfect tax policy. —LK

Law Professors under Fire

In evaluating Lino Graglia's recent review of my book, *A Nation under Lawyers* [Nov. 7], your readers may be interested to know about the approach to law teaching expounded by Professor Graglia at the November 11 meeting of the law section of the National Asso-

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ciation of Scholars. With reference to the Association's conference title, "Objectivity and Truth," Graglia remarked that he teaches his students that "Truth is the enemy, an obstacle to be overcome," and that he tries to inculcate in them the skill of "lying without embarrassment." Whether he was describing his approach to scholarship as well as advocacy was not clear. Whether his review of my book was scholarship or advocacy, I leave to readers of both to judge for themselves.

Mary Ann Glendon
Harvard Law School
Cambridge, Mass.

The talk to which Professor Glendon refers—with little relevance (her book was not mentioned) and less accuracy—merely repeated, as a warning against excessive trust in lawyers, the point made in my review that for lawyers "fame and fortune do not lie in springing the innocent." More interesting to NATIONAL REVIEW *readers, I'm sure, is that her response to my review does not question its accuracy in any regard.*

Professor Glendon suggests that my review was advocacy rather than scholarship, but advocacy of what? It makes clear that I am, if anything, even more critical of the role of lawyers in our society—particularly our legislator-judges—than she is. It may do more harm than good to question particular liberal policies while accepting and endorsing the liberal myths and conventions on which such policies are based. A useful critic, in short, will have to be a lot less fuzzy than Mary Ann Glendon and a lot more skeptical of liberal shibboleths, even if he risks losing the admiration of Professor Cass Sunstein. —LG

Waste Not, Want Not

Your reference in "The Week" [Nov. 21] to Citizens Against Government Waste (CAGW) falls far short of NATIONAL REVIEW's standard of accuracy.

First, the congressional ratings are not issued by CAGW. They are compiled and released by our lobbying group, the Council for Citizens Against Government Waste (CCAGW). Second, no NATIONAL REVIEW writer called our office for information—else my name, Thomas A. Schatz, would have been spelled correctly in your article, and my two years in office plus six years on the staff would have denied the label "new." I could also have told your writer that I am a Democrat, but not liberal, as you call me.

Third, you castigate us for rating votes "that have nothing to do with pork." A writer asking about that "anomaly" would have been reminded that we, like our name, are against "waste" and that we have consistently rated votes about "waste," of which pork is only one specific category. Fourth, you accuse us of failing to live up to a "promise" to Representative Bill Zeliff that the A to Z discharge petition would be counted. If your writer had bothered to read the ratings, he would have seen the following statement: *"CCAGW will include all votes from the 103rd Congress in a final rating to be released at the end of 1994."* A to Z will be included as promised.

But the biggest misconception relayed in your article is that we have suddenly moved left. Once again, the facts are missing. For the 103rd Congress, CCAGW ratings showed Republicans outscoring Democrats by 35 points—73.58 per cent to 38.33 per cent. For the 101st Congress—the first CCAGW ratings, issued in 1990—Republicans outscored Democrats by only 30 points. Since those 1990 ratings were issued when Alan Keyes was CCAGW president and in consultation with Grover Norquist of Americans for Tax Reform—both arch-conservatives—it is difficult to follow your assertion that our "new" personality makes our ratings more liberal.

Editorially, it would have been much more interesting for you to examine the CCAGW ratings of the winners and losers in this year's election. A reporter would have discovered that in the four incumbent *v.* incumbent Senate races where Republicans took Democratic seats (Kyl/Coopersmith, Ariz.; Snowe/Andrews, Maine; Inhofe/McCurdy, Okla.; and Santorum/Wofford, Pa.), the winners had lifetime CCAGW ratings of 80 per cent—Taxpayers' Heroes—and the losers had ratings of 45 per cent. *That* would have been a story based on fact.

I hope NATIONAL REVIEW will report on our continued efforts to cut wasteful spending in Washington. CAGW and CCAGW will maintain our demands for fiscal sanity, and we invite your reporters to contact us directly. Gossip-based innuendo is beneath your reputation.

Thomas A. Schatz
Citizens Against Government Waste
Washington, D.C.

NR *did misspell Mr. Schatz's name, an error which we regret. But the rest of Mr. Schatz's reply amounts to a long evasion. Is there really any difference between Citizens Against Government Waste and its lobbying group, Council for Citizens Against Government Waste? And if so, why is Mr. Schatz, instead of the head of the lobbying group, responding to* NR*'s complaint? The issue Mr. Schatz is less eager to discuss is the ratings themselves—precisely because* NR*'s concerns are more than "gossip-based innuendo."*

In all, 125 House Republicans saw their 1994 rating dip below their lifetime score and 208 Democrats experienced the opposite. This happened for a reason: CAGW's odd choice of votes on which to base its ratings. Included in the CAGW House ratings, for instance, is a vote to make the Social Security Administration an independent agency and restrict benefits to drug addicts and alcoholics. It passed 413 to 0. This vote, because it was such a gimme, says nothing about anyone's willingness to eliminate waste. It merely provides an easy "anti-waste" vote for Democrats. The same goes for a Barney Frank amendment to slash defense spending $2.4 billion below the amount approved by the House Budget Committee, as well as a Tim Penny effort to terminate Trident II production. They're easy votes for Democrats that, if you care about defense, have nothing to do with waste.

One need look no further than Mr. Schatz's letter to see the effects of including these votes. All the Republicans in Mr. Schatz's incumbent v. *incumbent success stories—Kyl, Snowe, Inhofe, and Santorum—saw their ratings drop beneath their lifetime average. In fact, each of them had a 1994 rating below the 80 per cent necessary for the "taxpayer hero" designation. Take Jon Kyl, who voted the "wrong" way on both the Frank and Penny defense votes. He had a rating of just 72 per cent. At this level, his rating is effectively worthless—it implies (erroneously) that at least 25 per cent of the time he was voting for government waste.*

Finally, there's the matter of A to Z. Despite assurances to Representative Bill Zeliff's staff in at least two meetings that it would include the A to Z discharge petition in its ratings, CAGW did not. That it will remedy this omission in ratings to appear at the end of the year, well after they'd be of any help to voters in making their electoral choices, isn't much comfort. All this may be just a string of coincidental missteps, or it may indicate a leftward drift under CAGW's non-liberal Democrat leadership. Either way, friends have cause to worry. —ED.

No Smoldering Guinevere

Guinevere was *not* burnt. Anthony Lejeune ["The War of the Waleses," Nov. 21] has forgotten about Sir Lancelot. In fact, on three separate occasions she was not burnt. The lady died of old age in the odor of sanctity. Let Princess Diana go and do likewise, the sooner the better.

Pierre H. Berube
Concord, N.H.

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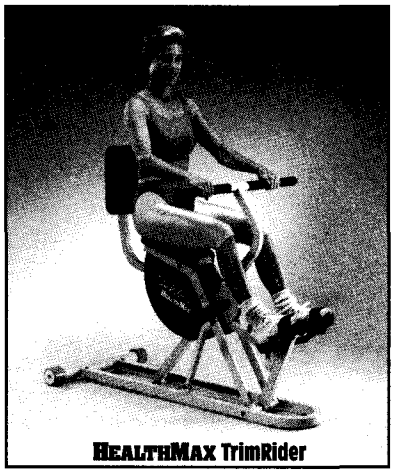

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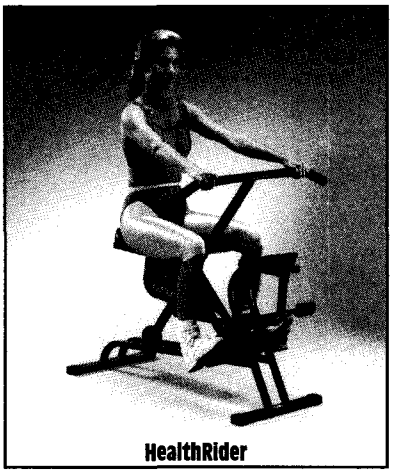

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FROM THE EDITOR

Murder Most Civilized

■ It is mystery fiction in the classic mold, set in an Oxford college and with a murder plot worthy of Dorothy Sayers or P. D. James. But it is not fictional.

In his memoirs, Sir Kenneth Dover, the distinguished classicist and former head of Corpus Christi, Oxford, recounts that he had come to regard Dr. Trevor Aston, historian and fellow of Corpus Christi, as a thorough nuisance: half mad, drunk by mid-morning, abusive to students, staff, and colleagues. Thus: "One morning he staggered out of his urine-soaked bed, fell down some stairs, shouted at two cleaners who tried to help him, made his way to the porter's lodge (attracting unfriendly looks from members of a conference staying in college) and got the porter to ring for a taxi to take him to Heathrow. But he was too drunk to find his money or his air ticket to Spain. So he returned to his room."

This might have passed unnoticed in some British institutions—the intelligence services spring to mind—but at Oxford even his fellow dons noticed it.

Sir Kenneth could not be sure of ousting him. Some younger fellows might be "irrationally hopeful" (that Aston might reform) "or indiscriminately compassionate." Also, Dr. Aston could appeal to the college visitor, the Bishop of Winchester, who might be irrationally hopeful or indiscriminately compassionate too.

Professor Dover called a meeting of senior fellows. "Their sentiment was expressed unanimously, promptly, and ruthlessly: We have got to get rid of the man." But how?

It was a ticklish question: "How to kill him without getting into trouble." He consulted psychiatrists who had treated Dr. Aston. Their opinion was that a letter threatening to remove his fellowship might push him into suicide. Professor Dover duly wrote such a letter; but Dr. Aston, presumably in a manic phase, noticed only the kind parts. What next?

As so often, the lawyers were no help. Suppose the professor were to do nothing about a suicide threat from Dr. Aston? "The law is not inclined to make things easy for those who plan to cause the death of others," he reflects. "I was warned that a deliberate act of omission could lead to a charge of murder."

Then Professor Dover had a stroke of luck: Dr. Aston re-read his letter and fell into a depression. He later committed suicide.

Now, here is the twist that allows Professor Dover to give this account without fear of arrest. Beside Dr. Aston's bed was an official letter notifying him of divorce proceedings and what the usually glacial Professor Dover describes as "a desperately affectionate letter of farewell to his wife."

But he does not linger on past sorrows. The following day, he recalls, "I cannot say for sure that the sun was shining, but I certainly felt it was."

Some have explained this story as the result of detaching the brain from the heart, reason from emotion. They are misled by Professor Dover's drily brutal style. Underneath, he seems to have been in the grip of an underrated emotion—irritation.

Why was irritation not restrained by morals? Professor Dover, justifying himself, praised the morality of the Greeks who were prepared to sacrifice the individual to the collective. But in pointing back to pre-Christian standards, wrote Libby Purves in the London *Times*, the professor was also pointing forward to post-Christian morality and its taste for euthanasia.

Voluntary euthanasia, of course. But administered, inevitably, by those new bureaucrats, detached, rational, and made in Professor Dover's image, whom G. K. Chesterton foresaw:

"They fight by shuffling papers; they have bright dead alien eyes/ They look at our labor and laughter as a tired man looks at flies."

And when another mad, gifted, troublesome Dr. Aston appears, would they even pause to calculate the personal consequences before swatting him?

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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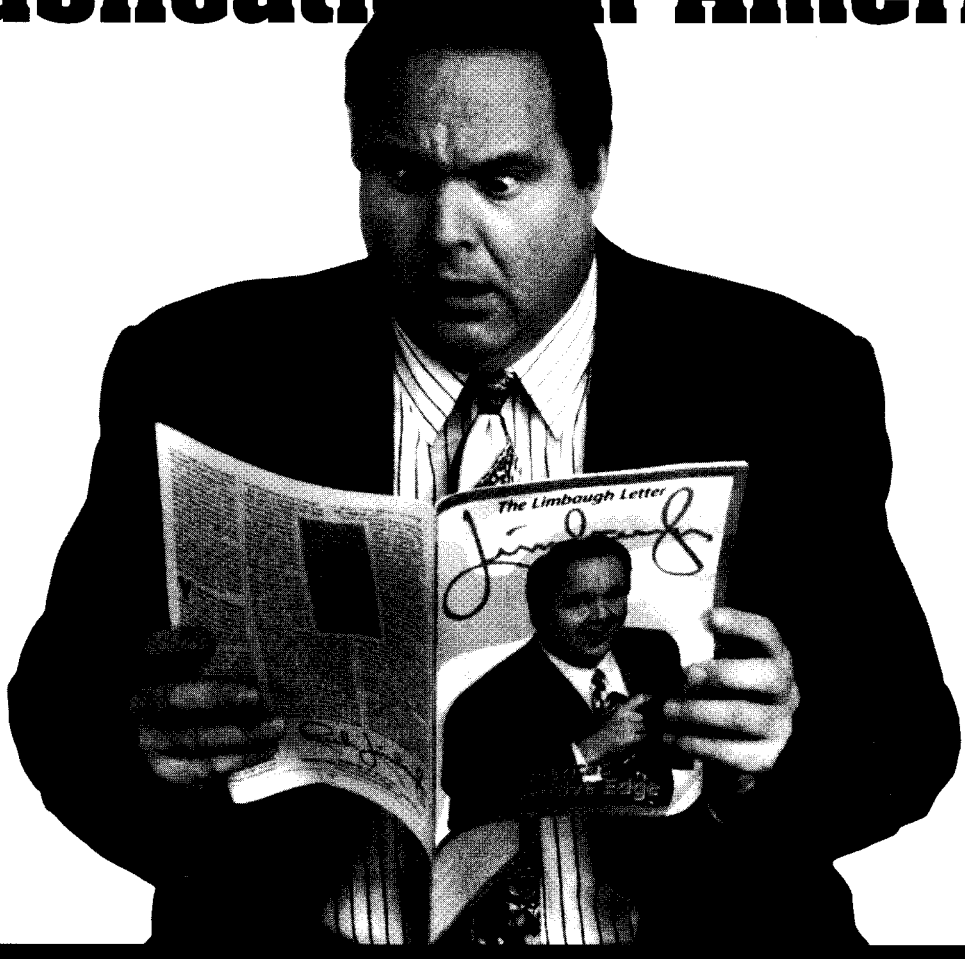

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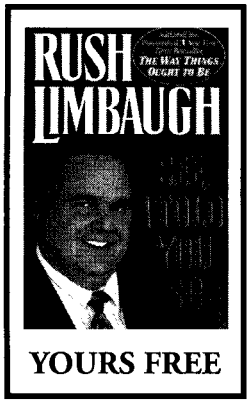

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Harvard's **Kennedy** School canceled traditional orientation course for congressional freshmen because GOP frosh flocked to Heritage Foundation's two-and-a-half-day seminar instead. Heritage VP **Kate Walsh O'Beirne** told *USA Today* that Heritage set up program as direct challenge to Kennedy School and makes no claim of objectivity—"We're conservatives." . . . Impugning others' patriotism, once the great liberal no-no, is now SOP for embattled Democrats. Sen. **Christopher Dodd**'s (D., Conn.) aiding-and-abetting-foreign-enemy blast at Sen. **Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.) (for saying **Bill Clinton** not respected by military) echoes **Al Gore**'s accusation that **Ollie North** was "unpatriotic" and literally committing treason for criticizing Clinton military cuts. Key player, by the way, behind ultra-liberal Dodd's challenge to ultra-liberal **Tom Daschle** (D., N.D.) for Senate minority leader was Sen. **Pat Moynihan** (D., N.Y.). . . . As he did with Contract with America, Speaker-to-be **Newt Gingrich** rolled grenade into opposition trenches with hugely popular school-prayer amendment. Clinton's initial friendliness to idea brought immediate denunciation from Left. Clinton then backtracked (an "instant cave-in," said **Arthur Kropp** of People for the American Way), saying he would ask GOP agreement on moment of silence. "We're talking about voluntary prayer, not voluntary silence," riposted Gingrich's savvy, ubiquitous press aide **Tony Blankley**. . . . GOP push for tort reform in Congress does not scare **Russ Herman**, president of Association of Trial Lawyers of America, who says he likes "underdog role" and is "highly energized and motivated." President-elect **Pamela Liapakis** less enthusiastic: "Yeah, we're invigorated. I'd rather be less invigorated."

■ More election post-mortems: NY Conservative Party's 300,000 votes gave GOP's **George Pataki** his margin of victory; he won by 193,000. **Cuomo** advisor **David Garth** and Liberal Party leader **Raymond Harding** have suggested NYC Mayor **Rudy Giuliani**'s endorsement of Cuomo may have backfired by handing Pataki clear illustration of upstate–downstate conflict. . . . *New York Times* story by **Robin Toner** calls voter anger at Clinton's try at government takeover of health care "the silent storm" that "swept away" Democratic candidates. . . . "Gender gap" that gave 8-point advantage to Dem. candidates among female voters reverses itself to 4-point advantage for GOP if only married women are counted. Analysts say sense of economic security, not social issues, is key determinant with women. . . . In noting that no pro-life incumbent lost, and that pro-life challengers took down more than 30 strong abortion advocates, *NY Post* columnist **Ray Kerrison** says election shows "U.S. is rapidly, astonishingly, and mercifully revolting against abortion." Pollster **Richard Wirthlin** asked '94 voters about preference for '96 presidential candidate; 48 per cent went for pro-life Republican, against 35 per cent for pro-abortion Democrat.

■ In the last two years, 899 NY School Board employees have been arrested, including 384 custodians and 337 teachers. . . . Association of Literary Scholars and Critics has mounted challenge to academic dominance of hard-left, politically correct Modern Language Association (MLA). New group's secretary, **John M. Ellis**, says 300 members were driven to ALSC by MLA's "radical politics focused on sexuality and race" instead of great authors and their works. . . . *Washington Times*' sharp-eyed, smooth writing NY correspondent **Liz Trotta** reports on Courage—NY archdiocese group run by Rev. **John F. Harvey** that helps gay Catholics break with homosexual lifestyle and come back to Church. . . . Take that, mainline media, says **Diana Schneider**, managing editor of *Limbaugh Letter*: while 10 major papers lost circulation the **Rush**man's letter topped half-million subscribers.

"Hi! I represent the Eternal Revenue Service."

■ Under pressure from Rome, Haitian President **Jean-Bertrand Aristide** has agreed to leave priesthood. Salesian order expelled him in 1988 but Rome never moved to defrock politician-priest. . . . Italians in open revolt against inefficiency and corruption in public health system, with monitoring groups receiving 3,500 complaints a day. . . . Neapolitan **Camorra** crime family got caught trying to buy St. Petersburg bank, says anti-Mafia magistrate **Bruno Siclari**. . . . Sumitomo Bank Chairman **Sotoo Tatsumi** recently suggested Ford Motor Company should come to Japan and teach debt-ridden Mazda how to make profits. . . . Re-elected German Chancellor **Helmut Kohl** cites as priority restructuring a $500-billion social-welfare bill which threatens to "crush us all." . . . South African President **Nelson Mandela** has called U.S. aid program of $600 million over three years "peanuts" though it is Pretoria's largest bilateral program.

■ Election-night explanation by *U.S. News*' resident leftist (and former *NY Times* reporter) **Steve Roberts** to talk-show host **Mary Matalin**: "They are not voting Republican tonight, Mary, they are voting against a lot of unhappiness in their own lives." . . . And Sen. **Arlen Specter** (R., Pa.) has only two problems running for President, according to a New Hampshire voter quoted in *Philadelphia Inquirer*: "The Right hates him, and the Left hates him."

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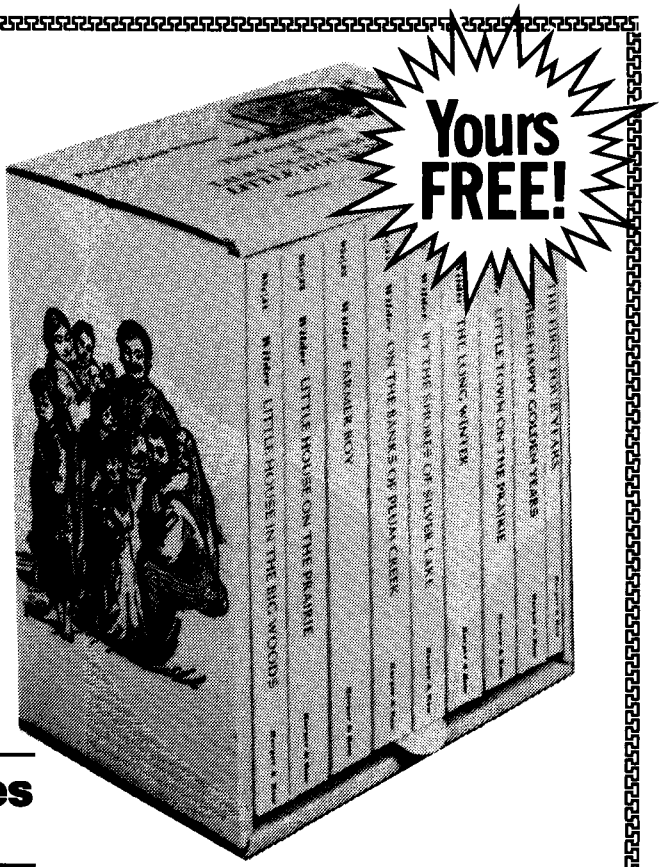

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THE WEEK

■ Both parties have decisions to make about their 1996 conventions. The Republicans have to select a site, and the Democrats have to decide whether to invite Bill Clinton.

■ The real news about Jesse Helms's suggestion that Bill Clinton should get a bodyguard is not that Helms made it, but that Democrats didn't.

■ Demonizing Jesse Helms will be an important part of the Democrats' strategy over the next two years. Unfortunately, Senator Helms recently clapped horns on his own head, by seeming to encourage insurrection in the U.S. military against the lawful Commander-in-Chief and by attempting to delay the Senate vote on GATT. Mr. Helms will have ample opportunity, however, to show he is more than the liberals' caricature of him. He has raised, and will undoubtedly use his chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to continue to raise, important questions about the value of foreign aid, the role of the UN, and the general direction of a U.S. foreign policy that has lately listed too far to port. Senator Helms will not have a monopoly on the GOP's foreign-policy agenda, but he is a serious man who represents the concerns of many of the people who voted so resoundingly.

■ Why the media desperately prefer to talk about Jesse Helms: Writing to his parents from Harvard, in a letter quoted in *The New Yorker*, the young Al Gore opined: "We do have inveterate antipathy for Communism—or paranoia as I like to put it. My own belief is that this form of psychological ailment—in this case a national madness—leads the victim to actually create the thing which is feared the most. It strikes me that this is precisely what the U.S. has been doing. Creating—and if not creating, energetically supporting—fascist, totalitarian regimes in the name of fighting totalitarianism. . . . For me, the best example of all is the U.S. Army." Mr. Gore pooh-poohs these views now as "silly" and unparanoiacly endorses the same U.S. Army's being in Haiti today to install a *Marxisant* regime.

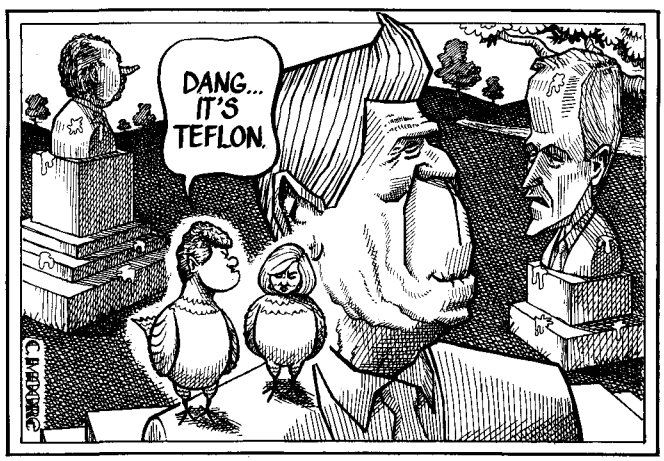
■ A group called Americans for the Promotion of Responsible Government is sponsoring a national waffle campaign to send waffles to President Clinton, as if he hadn't glutted the waffle market already, and in any case it's much too late to enter "responsible government" in our oxymoron contest.

■ Big Tent Republicans, like-minded pundits, and all others still calling for the GOP to abandon its pro-life stand should chew on the following election results: not a single pro-life governor or member of Congress of either party was defeated by a pro-choice challenger; pro-life challengers defeated 28 House and 2 Senate incumbents; of the 48 races for open House seats, pro-lifers took 34; of the 11 new senators, all but 1 are pro-life; and of the 26 per cent of the electorate who said, according to a Wirthlin Group post-election survey, that the abortion issue affected the way they voted, two thirds backed abortion foes while only one third voted for pro-choice candidates.

■ It's not that pro-choice wasn't a winning position November 8—as long as it was pro-*school*-choice. According to a post-election analysis by the Center for Education Reform, choice advocates took state superintendent posts in Arizona (Lisa Graham), Florida (Frank Brogan), Idaho (Dr. Anne Fox), and Georgia (Linda Shrenko, a former public-school teacher). Equally good news: the Center reports that the anti-choice National Education Association failed to seat its candidates in a majority of elections.

■ Word smuggled to us from inside the fortress walls indicates that audacious citizens of Ward 3, in the Northwest section, are trying to secede from Washington, D.C., and rejoin Montgomery County, Maryland, and hence—America.

■ Reporters and TV cameras were piled three deep at the post-election Washington press conference where Jack Kemp and Bill Bennett introduced the "Index of Leading Immigration Indicators" featured in the new Empower America/Manhattan Institute pamphlet *Strangers at Our Gate*. Much in the Index is useful and sobering (although it repeats the mistake that only 10 per cent of California state prison inmates are aliens, about half the real proportion, as noted here



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July 11). *NR* will soon publish Professor George J. Borjas's review of the current evidence on immigration, so we will reserve more extensive comment. As for Jack Kemp's widely reported warning that, by even thinking about immigration restriction, the Republican Party risks electoral defeat because it will estrange immigrants *as happened in the 1920s*: Mr. Kemp has been reading too much economics and not enough history. Immigration restriction in 1921 heralded the last great period of Republican dominance: the GOP held both Houses of Congress and the White House right until the Depression. In those days, the Republican Party won by uniting the majority, not by special appeals to minorities. Which, by an amazing coincidence and rhetoric aside, is just what polls show caused its sweep of Congress this year too.

■ The National Conference of Catholic Bishops adjourned, having issued copious statements on social policy and immigration, while maintaining a discreet silence on school prayer. Would it be too much to ask parochial schools to have a moment of prayer, or at least silence, for the bishops?

■ The elections aren't over yet for Ellen Sauerbrey, the conservative Republican tax foe who is refusing to accept defeat in the Maryland gubernatorial race. At 11:54 P.M. on election night, Mrs. Sauerbrey found herself pulling one of the nation's biggest upsets: she was beating Democrat Parris Glendening by nearly 5,000 votes with some 98 per cent of the votes tallied. But then, as columnist Robert Novak reports, 19 minutes elapsed during which no new votes were announced but a lot of electoral monkey business may have occurred. At 12:13 A.M. some Baltimore inner-city precincts controlled by Larry Gibson, Baltimore's top Democratic patronage dispenser, reported, and Mr. Glendening charged ahead by nearly 5,000 votes (approximately where the final "official" count now stands). Amazingly, the late precincts showed a turnout rate between 48 and 60 per cent, far ahead of the 27 to 36 per cent turnout rates of nearby black precincts. Mrs. Sauerbrey has collected hundreds of volunteers and a team of lawyers who are painstakingly combing through voting records hunting for signs of fraud, and she has begun the legal process to contest the outcome. Voter fraud is not something to take lightly. We don't. Stay tuned.

■ The mayor of St. Petersburg urges that V. I. Lenin, dead these 71 years, be buried.

■ Congressional reorganization will have its downside if conservatives lose the House Republican Study Committee. Founded by Ed Feulner and Paul Weyrich back in 1973, it has become a vital link to grass-roots groups and a valued analytical source for rightward-leaning members of Congress (who fund it out of contributions from their office accounts). The Study Committee has championed a hard-edged populist conservatism for two decades; abolishing it now would be a case of the revolution devouring one of its progenitors.

■ Massachusetts authorities are now requiring all public-school teachers to take "sensitivity training" in homosexual issues before entering a classroom. A task force is also engaged in writing material for sensitivity workshops at Massachusetts colleges and universities. How about sensitivity training for Bill Weld in Republican issues?

■ Marion Barry's transition office has announced that his inaugural festivities will be alcohol-free. That leaves more alcohol for Washingtonians contemplating one more term of Marion Barry.

■ The surprising recovery of the former Communist parties in newly democratic Central Europe, especially Poland and Hungary, has many causes. Democrats have often been in disarray, while the ex-Communists have been well organized and well entrenched in the bureaucracy. But there is another, chilling reason, described by Anne Applebaum, deputy editor of the London *Spectator*, in the November/December *Foreign Affairs*: Western, particularly American, diplomats in Central Europe, thinking that ethnic nationalism was the main danger, ostracized local conservative parties they considered atavistically nationalist and cultivated leftist parties they thought "progressive." Western diplomats even went out of their way to discourage de-Communization programs, lest they play into the hands of the conservatives. Conservative politicians were denied the travel invitations, fellowships, and other marks of official Western approval that were lavished on their left and center-left counterparts. Nothing is more urgently needed now, Miss Applebaum argues, than Western help for the conservative parties struggling against the Communist revival. Has the National Endowment for Democracy or the International Republican Institute noticed?

■ David Brudnoy's first article for *NR*, which appeared in 1968, was a dissection of black power. His most recent, which appeared last month, was a dissection of Ted Kennedy. Brudnoy's primary concern in both pieces, and in the dozens and dozens he wrote for us in between, was with transgressions against intellectual and cultural style. It was fitting, therefore, that his discussion in a recent *Boston Globe* of his case of AIDS—a condition that was diagnosed six years ago, but which he did not mention publicly until he was compelled to make a stay in a hospital—was so stylish. "My producer . . . thinks I'm going to live forever, but I've told him that the reality is that I may have four or five years and we've got to deal with this. I want them to be good years. If I live till I'm sixty, that's not so

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bad. In the old days, that would have been regarded as a long life." Observing that he is "perpetually being prayed for," Mr. Brudnoy remarked, "I probably have enough prayers said for me." In this case, *NR* will question his stylistic strictures.

■ What carries two hundred passengers and lists heavily to the right? The first annual NATIONAL REVIEW cruise, back from two stops in the Bahamas and three days of gloating. Soon-to-be Speaker Newt Gingrich and Majority Leader Dick Armey (gracious enough to honor commitments made well before November's earthquake) delivered morning seminars focusing on the elections just past and the Congress just ahead. "Either we channel the [nation's] anxiety into creative energy," warned Mr. Gingrich, "or we will become the next target." One hopeful omen: after a tiny investment, *NR* Editor John O'Sullivan reaped 1,600 quarters from one of the *Nordic Empress*'s slot machines. Just what we'd expect from a return to Reaganomics.

■ As the orthodoxy of multiculturalism and sexual PC matures, it makes increasingly extravagant promises of patronage to increasingly recondite minority constituencies. Internal contradictions arise, producing conundrums of, uh, Talmudic complexity. At Columbia University, feminists joined battle with a group of students whose sexual preference runs to whips and chains. The feminists object that S&M degrades women and therefore shouldn't be the focus of an official student organization, while the sadomasochists reply that they merely provide "education" and "a safe space for BDSMers" (meaning practitioners of bondage/domination/sadomasochism). So far, the S&M club has retained university recognition as a "humanitarian group." BDSMers 1, feminists 0. Meanwhile, in San Francisco, homosexual activists were confronted with a problem requiring the wisdom of a demented Solomon. Thirteen years ago a gay man donated his sperm to a lesbian who, with her "companion," wished to have children. A little girl was born and the "parents" later decided they no longer wanted her to have any contact with her biological father. The man filed a paternity suit—and won standing as one of the girl's three parents. Homosexual males 1, lesbians 0. As fissures like these develop and require mediation, the mediating party will more and more be, not private institutions like Columbia, but the government—leaving taxpayers in the position of the person who pays the salary of the referee at a pro wrestling match.

■ We regret the circumstances of the passing of Jeffrey Dahmer. It's a sad day when criminals must perform the offices once discharged by just governments.

■ R. J. Reynolds has developed a cigarette that delivers tobacco flavor and nicotine but generates only one-tenth the tar of a conventional cigarette and gives off very little smoke. Unlike the company's ill-fated Premier brand, the new cigarette, dubbed Eclipse, has received favorable reviews from smokers in market testing. But it may run into regulatory problems with the Food and Drug Administration. If the FDA decides that Eclipse is a "drug delivery device" rather than a cigarette, the new product will fall within the agency's purview, subjecting it to rigorous safety and efficacy requirements. Aside from providing an excuse for a bureaucratic power grab, this arbitrary distinction reflects our culture's deep ambivalence about drugs, an ambivalence we try to resolve by dividing substances into rigid categories: legal versus illegal, medicinal versus recreational, over-the-counter versus prescription. Thus, cigarettes are recreational, while nicotine gum is medicinal (for treating the "disease" of tobacco addiction). Eclipse threatens this tidy system by straddling categories, providing nicotine without the usual drawbacks of cigarettes. Since intolerance for ambiguity is a hallmark of the authoritarian personality, it's not surprising the folks at the FDA are concerned.

■ 'Tis the season to be jolly—and to resist the now-epidemic substitution of "Happy Holidays" for "Merry Christmas." Public schools across the country are holding "winter festivals" instead of Christmas parties, and children are being forced into absurdities like singing, "All I want for the holidays is my two front teeth." It's time for common sense. There is nothing offensive about wishing people Merry Christmas. They can always wish us Happy Kwanzaa back. All we want for Christmas is Christmas—and to [a climatically challenged place] with Happy Holidays.

■ Dander is up in the United Kingdom over a program aired on the BBC that depicts Mother Teresa as a money-grubbing publicity hound with clandestine ties to mass murderers. Christopher Hitchens, writer of the "documentary" entitled *Hell's Angel*, claims that Mother Teresa has forged links with seedy dictators and is more concerned with "simpering up" to them than with helping the poor. Further, Paul Johnson re-

Jesse Helms Is Watching

As Mr. Clinton's dance card fills
With foreign-policy quadrilles
While polkas and the native reel
Lose their political appeal,
The gentleman who does the calls
Emits distracting caterwauls
Inhibiting the President,
Who wonders where the music went.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ports, Mr. Hitchens asserts that she was "associated with the 'killing fields of Guatemala,' the chemical explosion at Bhopal in India, mass murder in Lebanon, the wickedness of the army regime in Haiti, and what are called the 'proxy murders' of Ronald Reagan." Malcolm Muggeridge also comes under the gun as a "fraud and mountebank" who was "arrogant to the point of insanity." Mr. Hitchens's next project: St. Francis of Assisi's secret slush fund.

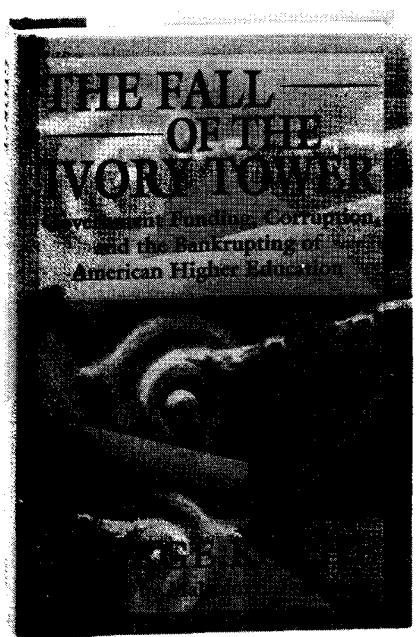
■ A paper given recently by two psychologists at the American Political Science Association presented evidence that suggests a strong link between our political preferences and the kinds of punishment employed upon us as children. It seems that men who grew up being spanked regularly are much more likely to identify themselves as conservatives—to favor capital punishment, oppose abortion, etc. Women who were spanked as children are, on the other hand, likely to espouse liberal views. Perhaps dear old Mr. Rodham ought to have spared the rod?

■ In Jacksonville, Florida, a 94-year-old career criminal named Wesley (Pop) Honeywood pleaded guilty to armed assault and possession of a firearm by a felon—after aiming an unloaded gun at a man who had admonished him for filching grapes from the man's yard. Mr. Honeywood, last arrested for molesting a 7-year-old girl, has been in jail eight times in 46 years, and on this most recent occasion was given a choice between a ninth sentence and residency in a nursing home. He chose jail, since that way "I may be out in a couple of years. If I go to a nursing home, I may be there the rest of my life."

■ Santa has a new way to punish bad boys and girls this Christmas. He'll bring them a batik shirt like the one worn by President Clinton in Indonesia.

New Democrat Blues

CASTING about for a hopeful portent, Democrats have found one: Bill Clinton. He did them in; if they dump him in 1996, all may be well again. Thus Jack Newfield, in a front-page column in the *New York Post*: "Bill Clinton is a lead weight around the ankles of Democrats. Voters have made a negative judgment about his character . . . about evading the draft, womanizing, Whitewater, and pot-smoking. Even [George] Pataki and [Newt] Gingrich admit they inhaled." *The New Yorker* has tapped his replacement: Al Gore. Al From, president of the Democratic Leadership Council, ticks off the debacles Mr. Gore has not been associated with, and concludes that he is "untainted by the stuff that has made Clinton the most vulnerable."



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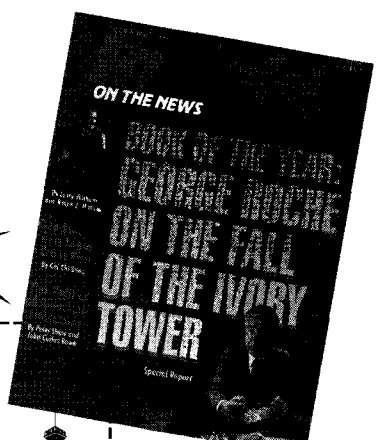

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The Clinton-bashers and the Gore-boosters ignore the possibility that Bill Clinton's greatest personal weakness is, at bottom, political. What most damages him in voters' eyes is his irresolution and duplicity; yet how else could a man of his principles behave? Bill Clinton ran and won as a New Democrat (he is a past president of Mr. From's DLC). New Democrats say they want to accomplish the goals of liberalism with a government that is more efficient and entrepreneurial, but that is like being slightly pregnant. Liberalism exists to serve its constituencies. Once that is conceded, there are no intellectual or rhetorical barriers to serving them whatever the cost. The New Democrat, whether he is Bill Clinton or Al Gore, will thus be torn between gratifying his supporters and living up to his campaign slogans.

Al Gore, for example, while he has no bimbos or land deals in his closet, has plenty of baggage of the sort that trips New Democrats up. His own particular constituents are greens, whom he addressed in his wacky manifesto, *Earth in the Balance*, which compared pollution to Kristallnacht and the Holocaust. His voting record as a senator was tiredly liberal; his foreign-policy instincts run to multinationalism and UN management. Where politics is concerned, Gore is his own Hillary, and could be counted on to betray New Democrat campaign rhetoric even more speedily than President Clinton.

New Democrats have been cropping up for twenty years, since the aftermath of the McGovern disaster: Jerry Brown and Michael Dukakis (in their first incarnations as governors), Jimmy Carter, Gary Hart. They can win the White House by accident, but once voters figure them out, they are gone. Bill Clinton may be bad news, but he is the only news Democrats have.

Dancing with Issues

'DANCE with the gal what brung ya," says Massachusetts Governor William Weld. For Weld and other GOP moderates, that means cashing in on November 8 with tax relief, spending cuts, and not much else. The "social issues" can become a wallflower while these pragmatists spin and dip fiscal responsibility all over the floor. But whatever it may score on technical merit, this routine is bound to lose crucial points on artistic interpretation.

It takes a willfully blind reading of the 1994 elections to argue they were a triumph of green-eyeshade Republicanism. By a ratio of more than 2 to 1 voters identified moral decline (61 per cent) over financial pressures (29 per cent) as the source of the country's troubles. At the same time, the "social issues" are evolving; they're not just gays and abortion any more. One of the foremost social moderates, Governor Pete Wilson of California, should recognize the change. The overwhelming vote for Proposition 187 wasn't only a reaction against the cost of illegal immigrants. A public sense of an eroding culture (the loss of "our country," as the unsophisticated put it) and of a breakdown in traditional order ("Why are these immigrants even here if they're *illegal*?") drove the 187 vote too. These are gut issues—and Governor Wilson consciously tapped into them by running dark TV ads featuring waves of illegals streaming north. In 1994, even Pete Wilson was a social-issues zealot.

At the same time, much of the Christian Right wants to dance with William Weld's gal too. There's an emerging realization on the social-issues Right—prompted especially by the Christian Coalition's Ralph Reed—that shrinking government is the surest way to promote family values. From taxation to schooling to welfare, the less power government has, the more power accrues to families, churches, and charities, for which upholding values isn't unconstitutional. Senator Phil Gramm has made the connection a staple of his rhetoric: "What I'm trying to do is take the money that *government* is spending for people on housing, education, and nutrition, and let *families* spend that money themselves. I know government and I know the family and I know the difference."

The electoral significance of the Christian Right is worth rehearsing here, if only because the GOP's Arlen Specters seem incapable of acknowledging it. About a third of the electorate this year were white, evangelical, born-again Christians. This group voted Republican at about a 70 per cent rate. Not surprisingly, a healthy 23 per cent of born-again Christians regarded moral decline as the most important issue, but fully 24 per cent cited spending and taxes.

The only way to sustain the current Republican momentum is to embrace social issues like school prayer, restrictions on abortion (especially when public dollars are involved), and resistance to gay-rights initiatives, while driving home the fiscal issues and, most importantly, recognizing the nascent partnership between the two. 1994 is, as all the pundits say, a tremendous GOP opportunity; but it's going to take two to tango.

Let Us Pray

THE EARLY RAP on Newt Gingrich's willingness to consider a constitutional amendment allowing school prayer is that it is the Republican equivalent of Bill Clinton's push for gays in the military. And so, in a way, it is. Polls showed the public opposing overt gays in the military by margins of about 4 to 1, and they show the public supporting a school-prayer amendment by the same lopsided proportion.

But any theory of government that goes beyond nose-counting must ask whether a school-prayer

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amendment is right or desirable, and it happens that there are conservative objections to it. If public-school prayer were once again an option, it might blunt the religious Right's support for school choice by making it happier with the current corrupt system. Also the prayers to be offered up will not be religious in any profound sense; rather, they will tend toward what the sociologist John Murray Cuddihy called "henotheism"—a polite acknowledgment of a deity without qualities; God as generic drug.

The case for an amendment, however, is deeply rooted in American history. The Founders and the Framers invoked God, Providence, or the Almighty continually; the same House that passed the Bill of Rights went on, the very next day, to call for a national day of prayer and thanksgiving (without, be it noted, causing the resignation of Representative Madison or Secretary of State Jefferson). Their intent was not religious, but political. By appealing to a higher power, they echoed the Declaration of

Right Data

Keeping Score

WITH Republicans in Congress and tax cuts in the air, Wall Street should be rejoicing. It isn't. Based on the government's static revenue "scoring," a capital-gains tax cut would lose $56 billion in revenue over five years —increasing pressure to hike other taxes or to eliminate deductions for mortgage interest and state and local taxes. Pain would offset the gain.

Yet the government's revenue forecasting record is dismal. Back in 1986 both CBO and the Joint Committee on Taxation predicted that raising the top capital-gains tax rate to 28 per cent from 20 per cent would generate additional revenues. The opposite happened. In 1992 (the latest year for which data are available) Americans realized net gains of $116.5 billion, compared to $326 billion in 1986, the year before the tax hike took effect. Adjusted for inflation, capital-gains revenues in 1992 ($26.8 billion) were less than half their 1986 level.

CAPITAL GAINS: NOT JUST FOR THE RICH
(1992 Tax Year)

Gross Income Bracket	Taxpayers With Capital Gains		Net Capital Gains		Average Net Gain
	Number (1,000s)	%	Amount ($Bil.)	%	Per Return
Under $25K	2,691	30.2	$9.7	8.3	$3,607
$25K–50K	2,263	25.4	9.9	8.5	4,370
$50K–100K	2,457	27.6	17.5	15.0	7,106
$100K–500K	1,373	15.4	33.6	28.8	24,443
$500K–1 Mil.	88	1.0	10.6	9.1	120,455
Over $1 Mil.	46	0.5	35.2	30.3	765,217
Total	8,918	100.0	116.5	100.0	$13,059

Government "experts" overestimated revenues by about 150 per cent. They forgot that for many Americans the capital-gains tax is voluntary. That is, at high rates taxpayers can simply choose not to sell. An estimated $6 to $7 trillion in unrealized capital gains has accumulated in American portfolios since the 1986 tax act.

Despite the conventional wisdom, capital gains are a middle-class phenomenon: IRS data show that 55 per cent of capital-gains taxpayers have incomes of $50,000 or less. Nearly 83 per cent have incomes below $100,000. To be sure, the wealthiest one-half of 1 per cent accounted for 30.3 per cent of all net capital gains in 1992, or nearly twice the amount received by the bottom 55 per cent. But research by CBO and others suggests that affluent Americans accounted for an even larger fraction of gains in the early 1980s, when the tax rate was only 20 per cent.

The fact is, rich people don't need lower capital-gains taxes. While middle-class investors often have to sell their stocks or businesses despite the tax consequences, the rich have alternative income sources. If taxes are too high they can bequeath appreciated assets to their heirs.

Cut the top tax rate to 15 per cent, however, and they would sell. According to the dynamic scoring model developed by economic consultants Gary and Aldona Robbins, unlocked gains would swell federal tax revenues by $12.8 billion over the first two years. Eventually the unlocking will run its course, and capital-gains revenue will fall below levels obtainable at the current tax rate. But because the tax reduction increases investment and economic growth, the government would collect more income, payroll, and corporate taxes. Net net, a 15 per cent cap-gains rate would generate $126 billion in new federal revenue from 1994 to 2000.

More important, shifting capital from the likes of Exxon or GM to high-growth entrepreneurial ventures will produce jobs. A 15 per cent tax rate would put an added 531,000 Americans to work by the year 2000.

Better yet, eliminate capital-gains taxes entirely. That will generate 1.1 million new positions, according to the Robbinses.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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Independence in giving America's rights a Source beyond the state's power to modify or amend. The Supreme Court's 1962 decision outlawing similar appeals in the classroom was historically and morally obtuse, and Mr. Gingrich is right to want to overturn it, either by an amendment or, if he really feels like Joan of Arc, by Article III, Section 2 of the Constitution: "The judicial power shall extend to all cases . . . with such exceptions, and under such regulations as the Congress shall make."

Fed Up Again

'THESE MEASURES were taken against the background of evidence of persistent strength in economic activity and high and rising levels of resource utilization." So went the dry prose accompanying the Federal Reserve's latest interest-rate increase of ¾ of a percentage point, the largest rate hike since 1981, a time when double-digit inflation still raged. But there is no rapid inflation today. Instead, the Fed is fighting economic growth, arguing that too much production, new jobs, and prosperity are bad things. This despite evidence that the current recovery is proceeding at only one-half the pace of the 1980s recovery. Indeed, because the economy has grown at only a 1.9 per cent annual rate over the past five years—compared to its 3.1 per cent post–World War II trend—real GDP in 1994 is likely to fall $1.6 trillion below what it should have been.

Why, then, is the Fed so opposed to this year's 4 per cent catch-up growth spurt? Greenspan, Blinder & Co. have determined that anything above 2.5 per cent growth, or below 6 per cent unemployment, will reignite inflation. Yet inflation is a problem created by too much monetary growth, not too many people working. There is no Phillips Curve trade-off between inflation and unemployment.

The Fed created too much money in 1993, and this will result in a temporary inflation rise during the year ahead. But it has moved steadily in 1994 to pull money out of the economy, reducing the growth of Federal Reserve credit to less than 6 per cent so far this year, compared to 13 per cent last year. In response, commodity indexes have flattened out, gold recently drifted down to the low $380s, bond prices have improved, and even the dollar has stabilized. So the Fed has atoned for last year's sins. Since forward-looking market prices suggest that the inflation threat is receding, there is no need for additional interest-rate hikes.

What's more, if the new GOP Congress succeeds in legislating an economic program of smaller government and lower taxes, then a more productive and efficient private sector will raise the public's demand for liquidity. In classical terms, this means the same quantity of money will be chasing more goods, thus lowering inflation. Perhaps this is why the latest Conference Board report on consumer confidence showed a remarkable 19 per cent post-election surge.

As long as gold continues to ease down, the Fed should not hold back the economy. Neither Alan Greenspan nor anyone else can possibly know the "right" rate of unemployment or growth. The Fed should leave well enough alone.

NATO Crisis: A GOP Primer

AS THE Bosnia debacle poisons the North Atlantic Alliance, and as Republicans prepare for a new leadership role, it is time to reflect on the place of NATO in U.S. foreign policy. Long before last week's collapse of U.S. policy on Bosnia, the Clinton Administration had allowed its standing in Europe and with NATO to decay.

Bill Clinton was the first U.S. President in decades not to show the flag by a visit to Western Europe early in his term. His first key policy decision was to withdraw American troops from Europe—from 300,000 down to 100,000, one-third below the number that George Bush, Dick Cheney, and Colin Powell had thought the minimum acceptable. Then came the "Partnership for Peace"—the strategically muddled scheme that embraced Russia as a friend while stiff-arming the new Central European democracies, which

Laughing Arms

"Giuliani said later that it was during the [*Columbus Day*] *parade, in which he and Cuomo marched along side by side, laughing arms swinging, that he first seriously considered endorsing the Governor."*

—*Andy Logan in* The New Yorker, *November 14,*

What a moment! Their laughing arms swinging,
They marched side by side up the street,
Their manifest chumminess bringing
The viewing-stand crowd to its feet.

It was then that our Rudy first wondered
If Fate was conjoining their ends
(Though he knew he would risk, if he blundered,
The dreadful revenge of his friends).

Never mind! He could feel himself losing
His struggle with Mario's charms,
And he flung himself—past all refusing—
Into those laughing arms.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

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were desperate for NATO's protection. The President plans to attend a December summit in Budapest of the pan-European Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (CSCE) in order to humor Boris Yeltsin—thereby playing into Yeltsin's strategy of downgrading NATO in the mushy multilateralism of CSCE. The U.S. has acquiesced in the appointment of the Belgian wet Willy Claes—who opposed NATO's deployment of Euromissiles in the early 1980s—as NATO's new secretary general. The symbolic lack of strategic seriousness could not be more obvious. No wonder the British and French have put aside their recent antagonism and are talking openly of new forms of bilateral defense cooperation, leaving NATO as well as Britain's "special relationship" with America in the shadows to which the Administration has consigned them.

The upcoming NATO ministerial meeting may move toward embracing the Central Europeans. But the value of NATO even to them has been lessened by the failure of President Clinton to stress the moral and political centrality of the Atlantic alliance.

The disarray over Bosnia has compounded all these ills. The Clintonites have taken potshots (usually deserved) at the pro-Serb policies of the West Europeans, without offering a coherent or decisive alternative. The result is a profound resentment on both sides. The pathetic ineffectuality of the occasional NATO air strike (which *NR* predicted from the outset) symbolizes the fecklessness of both NATO's and America's policy toward the first major crisis facing Europe in the post–Cold War world. And now we see the sinister spectacle of British, French, and Russian foreign ministers meeting in Paris—the Triple Entente Redux—to block the United States' tentative moves toward lifting the arms embargo on Bosnia. All this might almost be designed to encourage the rise of a new American isolationism.

For Republicans, the challenge is immense. If the GOP is serious about America's defense posture and global leadership, maintaining the balance of power on the continent of Europe should be the cornerstone of its foreign policy. That means bolstering NATO; beefing up our troop strength in Europe and throwing a protective umbrella over the Central European democracies; and being realistic about the foreign ambitions of a resurgent Russia. Only an America that is seen as serious about European security will have the moral influence to exert leadership on Bosnia, or on anything else. Mr. Clinton's America is not.

Bill Clinton, Scarecrow

They've opened up his buttons
To rearrange the straw
While plumping both breast pockets,
So when he hollers, "Caw!"
The crows assisting Gingrich
Will fly away in fright,
But Clinton's no Ray Bolger
And this is not First Night.

W. H. VON DREELE

No Hero

VERY SOON, Paul Hill will be sentenced for murdering an abortionist and his escort in Florida. A jury has already recommended the death penalty. Regrettably, a few see Paul Hill as a righteous hero, some even describing the killing of abortionists as "godly."

It is important to reflect carefully on the errors of such reasoning. (See, for example, an excellent symposium on the issue in the December *First Things*, or the reflections of theologian John Haas in the November *Catholic World Report*.) Paul Hill's intention was to kill. He didn't let the air out of the tires of his victims' car; he didn't block the door to "defend the innocent." He vaingloriously waited to thrust himself into a false dilemma, "Either I kill him, or he kills the babies," at which point he could declare his righteousness by taking mortal aim, and shooting.

Those who argue, in a way that is more utilitarian than Biblical, that a dead abortionist means fewer abortions must recognize that such calculations assume a God-like knowledge of the future. Paul Hill has already created a backlash against the pro-life movement, while failing to eradicate the real threat to the unborn, which is in the minds of misguided mothers. Vigilante killers who think in dilemmas are hardly persuasive to women convinced they must kill to escape their own dilemma.

If Mr. Hill is indeed sentenced to death, pro-lifers cannot complain. His is no longer an innocent life.

DiMaggio Hits Eighty

THE DAY after Thanksgiving, Joe DiMaggio celebrated his 80th birthday, a happy collocation of dates. DiMaggio, perhaps the greatest baseball player of all time, remains in the memory as an example of the nation's idea of its best self. In and out of baseball, he was a thoroughbred. He did not have to make diving catches in the outfield because at the crack of a bat he knew where the ball was going. His great hitting streak—56 consecutive games—probably is never to be duplicated. He had the ancient high virtue of ease.

He was and is laconic. Asked once why he said so lit-

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tle, he answered, "I'm a ballplayer." For years he put flowers on the grave of Marilyn Monroe, perhaps the only man who ever really loved her. In 1966, Paul Simon evoked a nation's need by singing, "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? A nation turns its lonely eyes to you."

When President Reagan hosted the first White House dinner for Mikhail Gorbachev, he invited only one athlete: Joe DiMaggio. Which suggests a thought. The three most admired men living today may be Joe DiMaggio, Ronald Reagan, and John Paul II. We sense that their style indicates something more profound than style—namely, grace. All of them old now, they have earned immortality.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Eric Alterman's letter [Aug. 19], berating you for publishing his letters in Notes & Asides without consent, opened my heretofore blind eyes. It dawns on me that you *haven't* published all my letters. Now, I'm similarly outraged in an antithetical mode when I devote valuable time to inditing ineffably luminous epistles and you callously ignore them. Therefore, *I* will demand that if you are *not* going to publish my literary bijoux you notify me by certified mail immediately on receipt. If I agree, you will be free to discard them.

That said, I will expect your abject apology and deferential rejection post-haste, as directed.

G. P. Lucchetti
Oak Park, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lucchetti: Herewith my apologies, and earnest money on my determination to reform. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am a college senior studying physics here in Al Gore's old congressional district and I came upon a strange anomaly this summer that may interest you. I was enrolled in a computer programming class and one assignment was to write a program to generate random sentences from a list of ten nouns, ten adjectives, and ten verbs, with the form noun verb adjective noun. This gives 10,000 possible combinations. When the program was finished, it consistently (30 to 40 per cent of the time) printed either "Clinton programs sour alligator," or "salamander loves boiling Clinton." Otherwise the program worked perfectly, generating truly random responses.

I've little of the literary mind, but these sentences seem transparently metaphorical. Could the first refer to our President's relationship with Congress, or maybe his attempts at health-care reform? The second is obviously about our future House Speaker. Perhaps this is more significant than political prognostication. This could be the first evidence of real machine intelligence. Do you think any scientific journal would publish this result?

Warmest regards,
Matthew McGuire
Cookeville, Tenn.

Dear Mr. McGuire: Since your sibylline letter was written before November 8, how can we doubt that the scientific community will recognize it for what it is—Newtonian prophecy. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I would judge that you are just sufficiently literate and snobbish to enjoy this.

LIMERICK PROUDLY WRITTEN
ON LEARNING A NEW WORD

The problem I find with democracy
Is its penchant for breeding ochlocracy;
Give the governing job
To the mob or the snob,
And you'll surely produce kakistocracy.

Sincerely,
H. W. Lewis
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Mr. Lewis: Why would a snob enjoy any prediction to that effect? Curiously, WFB

■ Dear Sir:

Forgive me for asking. But what did you see in Michael Kinsley that led you to have him as a moderator on *Firing Line*?

Watching him on *Crossfire*, he is loud, crass, insulting, spastic, and cynical . . . any moderation on that?

Dora Barnes
Edmonton, Alta.

Dear Miss Barnes: What did you think I was looking for? Cordially, **—WFB**

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ON THE SCENE

Houses Divided

LAWRENCE KUDLOW

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

WHEN incoming Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole (Kan.) went before the TV cameras and presented his transition team of Thad Cochran (Miss.), Judd Gregg (N.H.), and Don Nickles (Okla.), audible groans went up from conservatives in Washington and around the country. These senators are not merely uninspiring; they lack energy, gusto, esprit de corps, new ideas. There was no sense of urgency or immediacy. Nor was there any trace of the Gingrich/Armey/Kasich clarity and decisiveness. Dole himself, no slouch at spotting a turkey, exited soon after making the introduction.

Almost daily a member of Newt Gingrich's House transition team throws a new bombshell, while virtually nothing is coming out of the Senate. So a group of conservative Senate back-benchers known as the "steering committee" has pushed Trent Lott (Miss.) to replace Alan Simpson (Wyo.) for the number-two job of whip.

Mr. Kudlow is NR*'s economics editor.*

With Bob Dole certain to make a presidential run, the whip's job takes on greater than usual significance, and many rank-and-file conservative senators believe that three-term veteran Simpson is too much a part of the status quo to translate the Gingrich tidal wave into effective Senate action. One pro-Lott staffer describes Simpson as a "tired old conservative," unable to manage properly the whip vote-counting operation and afraid to take bold policy risks. A pro-Lott senator says Simpson is unreliable on tax and spending issues. Aside from voting for the 1990 tax hike, he once walked out of a leadership meeting in the Bush White House and told a news conference there were seven specific tax increases he could support.

Simpson maintains he had no choice as whip but to stand with his party and his President by voting for the 1990 budget, and he adds that some Republicans mischievously voted with left-wing Democrats to destroy George Bush. Meanwhile, Simpson voted against Clinton's 1993 tax hike and claims he was a strong supporter of the 1992 vote to repeal the luxury sales tax. What's more, the Wyoming senator favors tough welfare reform, saying, "We're not talking about Charles Dickens here, we're talking about young women who have child after child and continue to receive government compensation. It's absurd." He also favors a balanced-budget amendment and is opposed to future tax hikes. He strongly supports tighter immigration standards. He would accept a term-limits amendment "as long as it applies equally for everybody," and he is ready to cut farm and rural-electricity subsidies.

Former House Whip Trent Lott, however, is the clear choice of movement conservatives. As a first-term senator he voted against Bush's 1990 tax disaster, and down through the years he has compiled a solid record favoring growth-oriented tax cuts, domestic budget restraint, a strong military, and tough measures to fight crime. Lott believes the balanced-budget amendment should have a tax-limitation provision, favors a zero deficit by 2002, and is prepared to cut Medicare and Medicaid. "We have come to the realization that all groups must participate in domestic cuts," he says, "while stopping cuts on defense."

Most of all, Lott has positioned himself as the candidate of change versus Simpson's status quo. He believes he can work better with the Gingrich House group and with incoming senators who are House alumni. Citing Senator-elect Olympia Snowe of Maine, who was a deputy whip under him in the House, Lott argues that he knows how to bring along GOP moderates and Democrats. "In the early Eighties we had to get 50 House Democrats to pass Reagan's legislation," he says, "and I got them."

UNFORTUNATELY for Lott, Bob Dole has endorsed Simpson, and conservatives fear that if Dole works hard behind the scenes he will be able to get what he wants. Though Dole denies it, most observers believe a Simpson win would signal a victory for the Senate old guard and a warning to Gingrich & Co. that the Senate GOP will be far less aggressive in promoting the Contract with America and shaking up the committee system.

So far no one would accuse the Senate of being overly aggressive on anything. Apart from a Gingrich-style broadside from Jesse Helms aimed at President Clinton's military and foreign-aid policies, the new Republican Senate has been woefully silent on virtually all issues. Two weeks after Gingrich appointed a transition team, Dole responded with his lethargic trio, and since then no Senate reforms have been announced. A week after Gingrich announced support for the GATT free-trade bill, Dole began a public negotiation with the Administration. He tweaked Clinton on revenue scorekeeping (if the pay-as-you-go budget rule can be waived on growth-producing tariff cuts, why not on capital-gains tax relief?). He worried about World Trade Organization decisions

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against the U.S., proposing a panel of judges to monitor the WTO. He objected to a provision giving special "pioneer" preferences to Cox newspapers and the *Washington Post* for FCC wireless-phone licenses. Ultimately he gave up on capital gains but agreed to support GATT in exchange for the watchdog panel and some farm subsidies for the folks back home.

Meanwhile, Idaho Senator Larry Craig, a longtime crusader for a balanced-budget amendment, is looking for leadership from Dole and Judiciary Committee Chairman-designate Orrin Hatch as to *which* balanced-budget amendment the GOP Senate will propose. Last year the Craig–Simon amendment, which requires a three-fifths vote to raise the debt ceiling but has no tax limitation, was supported by 41 of the 44 Republican senators, with Mark Hatfield (Ore.), Nancy Kassebaum (Kan.), and Ted Stevens (Alaska) jumping ship. The Gingrich Contract, however, stipulates that taxes could not be raised without a three-fifths vote. We thus have a possible House–Senate conflict. With three GOP committee chairmen voting against *any* balanced-budget amendment, and a House version that is tougher than the Senate proposal, there could be a real impasse.

Though the Craig–Simon amendment could become a tax trap in future years under a less hospitable Congress, GOP Senate budget leader Pete Domenici (N.M.) will not press for tax limitation. Nor does he favor a "zero-deficit" budget resolution by 2002, which is the model proposed by House budgetmeister John Kasich (Ohio). "It could be balanced in seven years, or eight years, or more, but it will be a big burden," Domenici says.

Domenici does support a "more dynamic" accounting for the impact of tax cuts on the economy, especially concerning capital gains. But the House leadership is looking at a big-bang economic model constructed by Gary and Aldona Robbins, senior fellows at the National Center for Policy Analysis, which predicts a $3.9-trillion gain in gross domestic product by the end of the decade, 3.2 million new jobs over the next five years, and $623 billion in additional federal revenue over the same period if the growth policies in the Contract with America are implemented. Nothing like this will be acceptable to the Senate.

Finally, the GOP senators have developed a tin ear when it comes to social issues, including voluntary prayer in the schools. And leading Republican governors such as Christine Whitman of New Jersey, Pete Wilson of California, Tommy Thompson of Wisconsin, and William Weld of Massachusetts recently ran for cover when asked about school prayer on a Sunday talk show. The GOP is allowing itself to be mau-maued on the social issues by the establishment media even before the big battles have begun.

This despite numerous polls showing the importance of cultural conservatism in the backlash against the Clinton Democrats. Even Clinton pollster Stan Greenberg, commissioned by the Democratic Leadership Council, found that 51 per cent were against Clinton's effort to empower gays in the military. Newt Gingrich knew what he was doing when he labeled Bill and Hillary "McGoverniks." Why haven't the GOP senators and governors picked up on this?

If Republicans continue to trim their sails so early in the game, whether on a tough balanced-budget amendment, spending cuts to eliminate whole programs and agencies, serious welfare reform, or the cluster of social issues, they will be squandering an historic opportunity. At this moment the listless GOP Senate looks bewildered and befuddled, unable to exercise its new political power. Should the trend continue, Dole will never make it through the 1996 primaries, and the mantle of party leadership will pass to Gingrich. It may already have done so. □

Equal but Separate

JERRY MOSIER

Stephen Moros

BRUSSELS

ENGLISH is the language of most Americans, and for the last two centuries it has been the key to an immigrant's economic success. Yet today we are on a path toward becoming an officially bilingual nation.

In Florida, Spanish-speaking residents are increasingly demanding government services in their native language. In California and Texas, Spanish-language advocates like to observe that this land was Spanish before it was English. Last year in Tucson, the Immigration and Naturalization Service swore in a batch of new citizens in Spanish. We spend $10 billion each year on bilingual education, with the bulk of it spent, not teaching English to immigrants, but teaching course work in native languages.

To find out how bad things can get, I recently traveled to Brussels for a two-day session with an assortment of proponents and opponents of official bilingualism. Belgium is one of the countries that supporters of bilingualism hold up as shining examples of how peoples of different languages and diverse cultures can be held together through a federalist system that asks no one to assimilate.

To understand present-day Belgium you must understand the country's history, and you must keep a scorecard. In 2002 Flemish-speaking Belgians will celebrate the seven-hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Flanders, in which their forebears defeated the French. Five centuries after that battle the Flemish, with much help from the English and Prussians, witnessed the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. Today the Flemish, who number about six million, or 60 per cent of Belgium's population, live in the northern part of

Mr. Mosier, an advertising copywriter and essayist, serves on the board of directors of U.S. English.

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"Young America's Foundation is a refuge for students seeking an alternative to the 'politically correct' environment enforced on many campuses."

Ronald Reagan

Libertas is the Foundation's general newsletter published six times yearly. It reports on Foundation events, noting students who have been successful conducting campus programs and battling political correctness.

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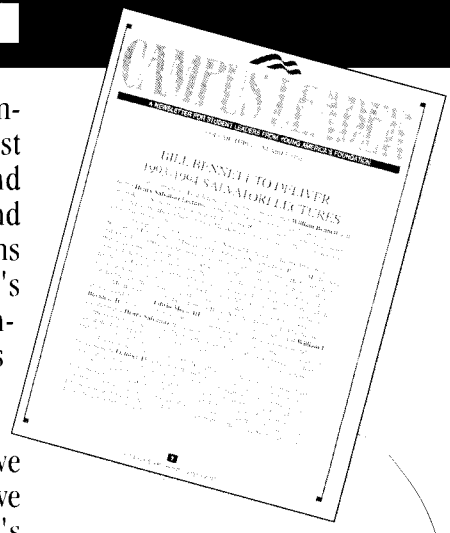
Now more than ever conservative students must be prepared to defend their beliefs. Knowledge and information are key weapons in this battle, whether it's understanding how to conduct a conservative speakers program, ward off "politically correct" administrators, or run an alternative publication. For twenty-five years Young America's Foundation has helped students with speakers, publications, training and advice. Now we introduce the "Campus Activist Package," a selection of Foundation publications that can give you the know-how and information to promote your ideas on campus.



Campus Leader is the Foundation's monthly newsletter for student contacts. It contains information on resources available from the Foundation, including speakers, books, and posters. Each issue includes a full-size poster. These posters have decorated thousands of dorm rooms on campuses all over the U. S.

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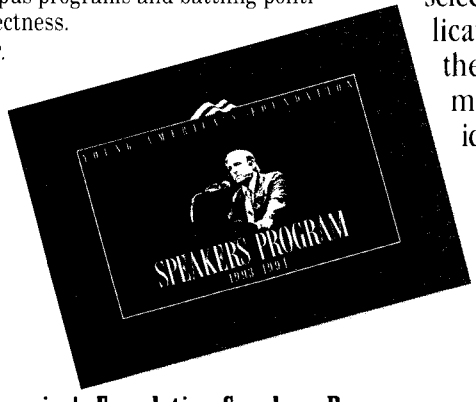

Young America's Foundation Speakers Program contains information on the various speakers offered through the Foundation, including William F. Buckley, Oliver North, Robert Novak, Bay Buchanan, William Bennett, Dinesh D'Souza, Phyllis Schlafly, Walter Williams, and many more. In recent years these speakers have addressed thousands of students, bringing balance to hundreds of campuses all over the U. S.

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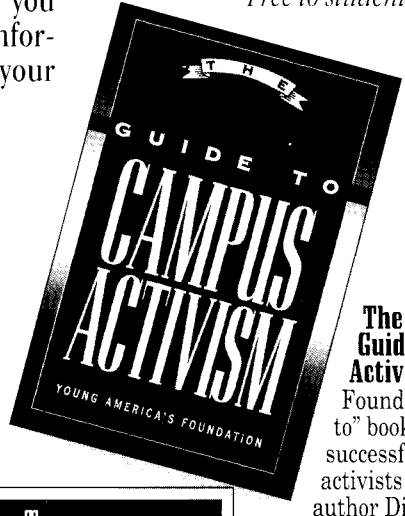

The Conservative Guide to Campus Activism is the Foundation's "how-to" book written by successful campus activists such as author Dinesh D'Souza, Congressman Dana Rohrabacher and Foundation President Ron Robinson. Includes chapters on how to start a conservative newspaper, conducting speaking events, fundraising, how to defend your legal rights on campus, and more.

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the country. The French-speaking Walloons reside in the south. The border between the two has for centuries been the invisible line dividing Germanic culture to the north from Latin culture to the south.

In 1963 this line was codified by the first in a series of language laws. No problem, you say. The Flemish stick to their neighborhood, and the Walloons stick to theirs. But there *is* a problem: Brussels, the country's largest, richest, fastest-growing city, the capital of post-Maastricht-Treaty Europe. The only officially bilingual region of Belgium, Brussels is more than 85 per cent French-speaking, and it is located in the heart of Flanders—a French island surrounded by a hostile Flemish sea. The 1963 language laws allowed some 19 communes (suburbs) of Brussels to offer government services in either French or Flemish. Today most of these communes have French-speaking majorities. Yet the mayors must be able to speak Flemish; after all, they're in Flanders.

Brussels is a bilingual mess. Mail can take more than three days to reach one side of the city from the other. Mayors fight with regional councils, which fight with federal officials, who fight with everyone. On one block in the city you'll receive only Flemish cable TV. Around the corner, you'd better speak French. The costs of maintaining this bilingual artifice are daunting. But when I asked representatives of the Flemish, Francophone, and Federalist parties if they were concerned about the country's debt, more than 140 per cent of GDP, the replies boiled down to: "Translators are cheaper than guns."

The new federal system, which doles out proportional legislative representation based on a language-quota formula that would take a hundred pages to explain, is being given a chance to work by both sides—for now. Notes one Flemish journalist, "If we could, we'd separate today. Brussels is the problem, and so is the cost of Social Security that flows from the wealthier north to the poorer south. But you can be assured that we will never give up Brussels. And we will not allow any further expansion of the commune facilities—those towns that allow the spread of French-speaking areas."

"They stole our industry, and now they refuse to acknowledge that they have a responsibility to the Walloons," says a representative of the Francophone party. "We will continue to press for the rights of the French-speaking community and the expansion of the commune facilities."

When I asked a professor from the Federalist party, which takes a middle-of-the-road position, if he thought Belgium's method for dealing with the different ethnic/linguistic groups should be used as a model for a new united Europe, he nearly choked to death on his croissant. But he noted that Israel has asked the Belgian government for help in managing diversity on the West Bank.

What does this all mean for America, the land of immigrants, the home to more than three hundred different languages? According to everyone I spoke with in Brussels (and everyone I met at a similar gathering in Quebec last January), it means: You'd better protect the language that unites your country, because if you don't you could end up like us, or worse.

"You mean we shouldn't proceed down the bilingual English/Spanish road?" The response was unanimous: absolutely not.

There's nothing wrong with diversity. I actually wish I could speak more than one language fluently. But in our nation, English is the key to understanding. It puts immigrants on the same plane with fifth- or twelfth-generation Americans.

I have seen the future of official bilingualism, and it is not far away. Under a veil of political correctness, we are slowly creeping toward the day when our government does what Canada did under Pierre Trudeau—make two languages equally official. We're not Belgium. Nor are we Quebec. But the signs are there. At least they're still in a language we can understand. □

Cat Fight

PAUL CIOTTI

Konstantin Valov

LOS ANGELES

FOR years mountain lions were thought to be the scaredy-cats of the feline family: shy, reclusive, wary of dogs, and afraid of people. No longer. Suddenly mountain lions are showing up in suburban counties all over California, jumping fences, running over rooftops, crouching in schoolyard trees, prowling through backyards, and eating Dobermans, house cats, goats, and pet pigs.

"There is terror in the foothills," says Tim Leslie, a California state senator whose district includes most of the Sierra Nevadas. "There are so many sightings, so many cat tracks in residential areas, that people are afraid to let their children play in their own yard."

Within the last year, mountain lions have chased women on horseback, run after men on mountain bikes, and scared two hikers in the hills above Pasadena so badly that they climbed a steep ridge, couldn't get back down, and had to be rescued by helicopter. The frequency of the attacks seems to be accelerating. In May, in Cuyamaca Rancho State Park near San Diego, a lion had charged to within five feet of a 3-year-old boy on a hiking trail before the boy's father drove it off with a stick. In August, in Mendocino County, a rabid mountain lion attacked a woman near a campfire. While two of her companions held the lion down (one of them losing a thumb in the process), a third killed it with a bread knife. In September, a jogger at the University of California in Santa Cruz was stalked by a screaming mountain

Mr. Ciotti is a California writer.

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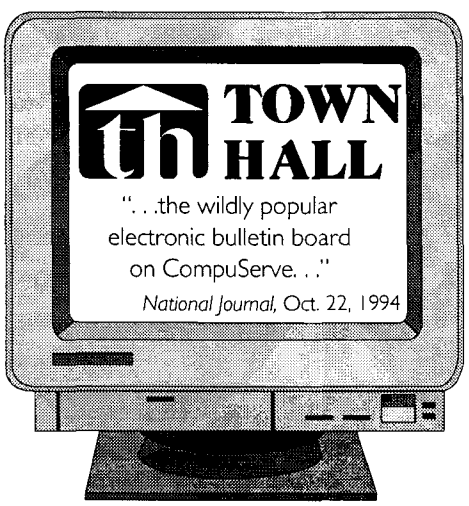

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lion until he managed to climb a fence, flag down a passing car, and escape.

In the most gruesome incident of all, last April an 82-pound female lion attacked Barbara Schoener as she was jogging along a park trail in the Sierra foothills northeast of Sacramento. The lion bit her neck and crushed her skull. Then it dragged her three hundred feet down a hill and ate her face, upper back, lungs, spleen, pancreas, kidneys, stomach, liver, and small intestines.

Biologists offer several reasons for this sudden spate of lion attacks. California's human population has grown 25 per cent in the last eight years, forcing humans and lions into closer contact; a continuing drought in the high Sierras has reduced the state deer herd by more than a third, forcing the lions to look for other food; and, most importantly, the mountain-lion population has exploded during the last quarter-century.

The explosion started in 1972, when the state legislature declared a 15-year moratorium on the hunting of mountain lions to give the population, which was below two thousand statewide, a chance to rebound. It rebounded far more quickly than anyone anticipated. By the mid Eighties the lion population had grown to more than five thousand hungry animals, and there were increasing numbers of attacks on people and livestock. Alarmed officials at the state Fish and Game Department announced a resumption of lion hunting to reduce the population to a more manageable level.

It never happened. Environmental groups like the Mountain Lion Foundation responded with Proposition 117, a ballot initiative to outlaw the sport hunting of mountain lions. Their campaign, which was emotional and effective, portrayed the mountain lion as a magnificent beast fast going the way of the grizzly bear and implied that the only way to save it from extinction was a permanent hunting ban. Press conferences for the initiative featured Peaceable Kingdom tableaux of tame mountain lions lying at the feet of politicians and movie stars. For the media, it was a great photo opportunity. For the public, it reinforced the Disneyesque notion that mountain lions were overgrown house cats.

Wildlife biologists were aghast. Mountain lions were not big kittens; they were fierce, dangerous predators. Far from being endangered, the state population was growing by leaps and bounds. Even so, the initiative passed by 52 to 48 per cent.

Under the terms of the initiative, mountain lions could not be killed, except on the presentation of convincing evidence that they had harmed people or livestock. It was the start of the near-deification of the mountain lion, a process that has gone so far in some circles that, when Fish and Game Department officials killed the lion that ate Barbara Schoener, many people were outraged.

Some complained that the mountain lion was protecting her cubs; others pointed out that there were mountain lions in California before there were humans. A *Sacramento Bee* reader was prompted to write: "We should take into account that this noble creature may well have been venting centuries of mountain-lion anger against the humans who have driven it from its land, destroyed its home, ruthlessly hunted it down, and, as the final indignity, debased it to an advertising device to sell cars."

THOUGH Fish and Game officials were stunned at the outpouring of sympathy for a predator that had killed and eaten a mother of two young children, others saw the reaction as a predictable part of a larger pattern. "An amazing number of people have confused ecology with religion," says Los Angeles–based outdoor writer Mike Dickerson. "They have adopted some set of beliefs around eco-awareness that performs the function that religion used to perform . . . [They] believe a lion should never be killed for any reason whatsoever." It has gotten so bad that a female ranger who killed a lion that had bitten a 10-year-old girl at Cuyamaca Rancho State Park burst into tears over the animal, fell into depression, and had to take time off from work for psychological counseling.

Two state legislators have introduced bills to modify Proposition 117 to allow the resumption of sport hunting. But both bills are strongly opposed by the Mountain Lion Foundation, and neither has made it out of committee.

Environmentalist groups say they aren't terribly worried about additional attacks on people. For one thing, they say, mountain lions are highly territorial, and once all available territories are filled, the population will stabilize automatically. "The olden days where the only good predator was a dead predator—those days are gone," says Paul Beier, assistant professor of wildlife biology at Northern Arizona University. "Today we value predators as part of the environment in which we live . . . so we are going to accept a couple of deaths per decade."

Pro-hunting groups reply that mountain lions are very adaptable animals. When population pressures increase, they will simply begin to live and hunt in groups. And in any case, with the mountain-lion population now as high as eight thousand by some estimates, the animals won't be killing just one or two humans per decade; there will be multiple maulings and deaths, with many of the victims being children, who more closely resemble mountain lions' natural prey.

Meanwhile, the Fish and Game Department is caught in the middle. It has a legal responsibility to kill mountain lions that attack or threaten people. Yet when it does, it gets mauled by animal-rights activists who demand that the offending officer be fired.

When a mountain lion attacked 5-year-old Laura Small as she fished for tadpoles in an Orange County park in 1986, it left her with permanent brain damage, partial paralysis, and only one eye. Still, some people who called the Fish and Game Department were adamant that the lion not be killed. "It was terrible what happened to Laura Small," one caller said. "But you can always replace a human. You can't always replace a mountain lion." □

Taking the Tenth

MATTHEW SCULLY

WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

ODDLY for someone who makes a living writing speeches, what I found most exhilarating about the Thanksgiving-week conference of Republican governors was the complete absence of prepared texts, Teleprompters, or other signs of self-conscious performance. These are the props of big government, and it was

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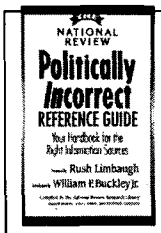

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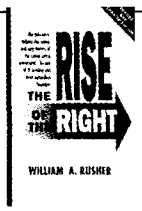

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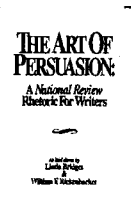

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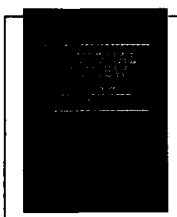

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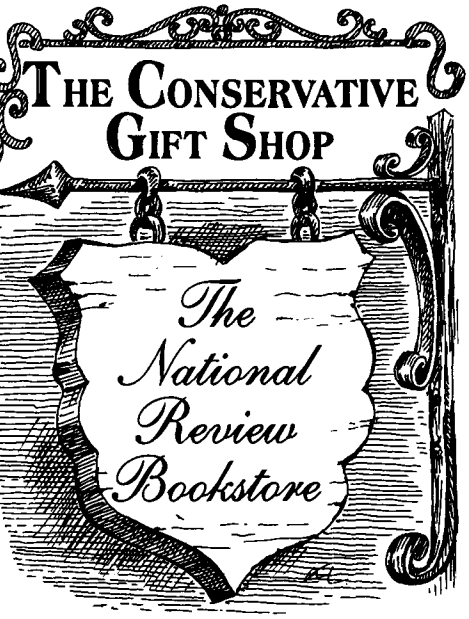

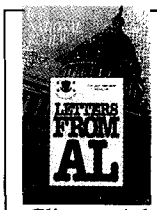

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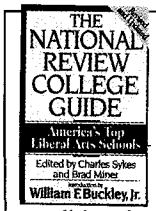
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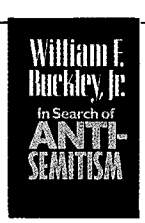

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nice for once to find an air of naturalness, with people too busy getting things done to worry much about appearances.

Gone, too, were the usual interminable discussions of "streamlining strategies" for this or that program. Gone were the tedious policy specialists with their "paradigms" of newer, smarter, better big government. Much of the talk focused on "unfunded mandates." But the question was not, "Where do we get the funds?" It was, "Where does the Federal Government get off mandating things in the first place?" Governors as different as William Weld of Massachusetts, Kirk Fordice of Mississippi, and John Engler of Michigan seemed to agree on the appropriate paradigm: limited government, defined powers, taciturn leadership, and sovereign states.

In the way of lofty rhetoric, there was only a joint statement by the governors entitled "The Williamsburg Resolve"—all but written with quill and ink to dramatize the Colonial spirit. "We gather at an historic moment at an historic place," it began. "Today, the challenge comes from our own Federal Government—a government that has defied, and that now ignores, virtually every constitutional limit fashioned by the framers to confine its reach and thus guard the freedoms of the people."

AFTER most conferences such stirring declarations can be safely tossed, along with the name tags and meal schedules. In this case, though, the skepticism passes when you consider the example of the conference host, Virginia Governor George Allen.

You could see his mark even on the basket of complimentary treats awaiting each governor in his or her hotel room: Virginia Gentleman whisky, a carton of Marlboros, and a Philip Morris T-shirt. Having survived the Ollie North treatment from the *Washington Post*—serial endorsements of his opponent, long profiles examining his character just before election day—Allen seems to be a man completely liberated from any illusions about media praise, with the result that he is immensely popular. In office a year, he has cut taxes, abolished parole, supported parental consent, and stood up to the feds on mandates in the Clean Air Act —all with serene contempt for what the enlightened folk up north might think of him.

New York Governor-elect George Pataki arrived late, delayed because someone forgot to pick him up at the airport, and I suppose because it took more time than expected to have Mario stuffed and mounted. He was hailed by all and immediately surrounded by reporters, as were Pete Wilson of California, the chirpy Christine Todd Whitman of New Jersey, and Weld, who dragged himself around with an air of pained superiority he may want to lose before a presidential bid. On the last day Speaker-to-be Newt Gingrich appeared with incoming Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole. Both avowed state sovereignty and pledged to include a ban on unfunded mandates in the balanced-budget amendment.

Roman Genn

But let's avoid the usual bicoastal vision and assign a little credit to the governors from the expanse in between. "The '94 election was a victory for conservative ideas," as Republican Chairman Haley Barbour said. But early on, it was a handful of conservative midland governors who had the courage to act on those ideas. Engler, a likable, lumbering fellow, was challenging the teachers unions back when Republicans in Washington were signing on to things like the visionary—and now forgotten—"America 2000." Tommy Thompson of Wisconsin was overhauling welfare when the idea still brought mobs to the Capitol steps. Arizona's Fife Symington abolished parole a year and a half ago, enacted truth in sentencing, cut taxes for three years running, and now intends to get rid of state income taxes altogether. Without these men, it seems fair to say, the principles that won the 1994 election could hardly have won a hearing outside conservative journals and Federalist Society colloquia.

The most hopeful sign was a disciplined silence among the governors on the subject of looming intra-party differences. In training for their coverage of the 1996 convention, reporters could be heard asking Governors Whitman and Wilson, "What about school prayer? What about the abortion language in the next platform?" But as it turned out, these sowers of discord will have to wait to write their party-of-intolerance stories. The general response was: We have bigger business to attend to at the moment, like restoring freedom and constitutional government. We'll get back to you on those other topics.

IN the idiom of policy conferences, a consensus formed around "structural transformation." The beauty of this formulation was apparent in former Attorney General William Barr's point that the Republican Congress can achieve nothing greater than to limit the power of Congress itself, and then of the courts, by constitutional refinement. In a way no one ever expected, populist federalism suddenly unites all factions of the party, each with its own reasons, in a common project of scrapping the apparatus of the coercive state and humbling the arrogant asses of the federal judiciary. "The basic insight of federalism," said Barr, framed at the lectern by a billboard-sized banner bearing the Tenth Amendment (another Allen touch), "is that you can run away and vote with your feet from a small tyranny, but you cannot run away from a big tyranny."

Anyone who doubted that principled federalism would ultimately advance conservative causes had only to look around the room at the 11 new governors, mostly conservative and pro-life. From Williamsburg we have just the right banner: constitutional reform, power to the states, the Tenth Amendment. Pursue these singlemindedly, shelving school prayer and suchlike, just as Wilson and others advised; if such issues must loom, let them loom a little longer. The business at hand is scrapping, amending, and restoring, and anything short of that is failure. Think "structural transformation," and the rest will follow. □

Mr. Scully is a former speechwriter for Vice President Dan Quayle.

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RANDOM WALK

THE stock market's Thanksgiving-week turkey performance (the Dow Jones index dropped 107 points) provides yet another warning that the cyclical bull market that started in early 1991 may be coming to an end. So far this year, the average of four major market indices has declined by 3.5 per cent, compared to gains of 20 per cent or better in the prior three years. Small-cap indices such as Nasdaq and the Russell 2000 have posted an average 5.4 per cent decline, while the Dow and S&P 500 have averaged a 1.6 per cent drop. When the more volatile smaller caps underperform the larger ones, it often signals a growth slump or outright recession. This year's relative performance is the opposite of what happened in 1991–93, when the smaller-cap indices outperformed the big guys, thus correctly signaling stronger future economic growth. So far this year, investing cash in three-month Treasury bills—with an average return of about 4 per cent—would have been the best bet.

Market historians note that an average bear market brings stocks down by roughly 20 per cent. So will stocks drop another 15 per cent or so? They could. One way to look at the issue is to compare the earnings yield of stocks (current company earnings divided by the current price) with the yield on gilt-edged Treasury bonds. Ten-year Treasury note yields over the past 12 months have jumped 50 per cent, from 5.2 per cent to 7.8 per cent. But the earnings yield for the S&P 500 has risen by just 36 per cent, from 4.4 per cent to 6 per cent. Unless Treasury yields fall significantly—an unlikely event if the Federal Reserve keeps raising interest rates—this implies a further stock-market correction of 14 per cent.

Another way to measure the market's downside risk is the interaction of the inflation rate with the unindexed capital-gains tax. If the yearly inflation rate rises to 3.7 per cent from its low of 2.7 per cent, the effective tax rate on real capital gains would jump to 62 per cent from 53 per cent. This means taking home only 38 cents on the inflation-adjusted dollar instead of 47 cents, a 19 per cent drop. Since the stock market represents the present discounted value of future wealth, an inflation-induced drop in the after-tax value of wealth and capital is sure to knock down share prices.

Finally, until Newt Gingrich and Bob Dole actually reduce the capital-gains tax, perhaps in a bullish vote sometime next summer, we are still paying for Bill Clinton's tax hike on those with the highest propensity to save and invest. By raising the effective top marginal tax rate on income from 31 per cent to 43 per cent, the 1993 budget deal reduced after-tax income to 57 cents on the dollar from 69 cents, a loss of 17 per cent of investable stock-market resource flows.

In other words, high interest rates, rising inflation, and past tax hikes spell continued trouble for the stock market. I told you a few months ago that cash looked very sexy to me. I am still in love.

■ In the 1980s, anti-supply-side theorists such as Robert Reich and Lester Thurow argued that the budget deficit and the trade deficit were mirror images of one another. For a short while, the data seemed to corroborate the "twin deficits" theory. From 1981 through 1986 the budget deficit and the balance-of-payments deficit did indeed rise in tandem. As the budget deficit climbed from $80 billion in 1981 to $220 billion in 1986, the trade deficit grew from zero to $145 billion. But economists Mickey Levy and Peter Kretzmer of NationsBank report that from 1988 through 1991 the budget deficit rose, while the trade deficit fell back to near zero. In 1993 and 1994 the budget deficit fell and the trade deficit skyrocketed.

"Our assessment," Levy and Kretzmer write, "is that the U.S. trade and current-accounts deficits of the 1990s have different sources and characteristics than those of the 1980s." In the 1980s, the high trade deficit was caused by pro-growth tax policies and Reagan's transition to a low-inflation monetary regime, which generated a huge rise in the rate of return on dollar-denominated assets, a surge in the demand for investment capital, higher real interest rates, a tidal wave of foreign investment in the U.S., and a mightily strong dollar.

By contrast, the Clinton Administration's fiscal policies of high taxes and defense cutbacks have contributed to a large trade deficit and a much less sanguine set of corresponding economic trends: an anemic dollar, sharply lower relative expected returns on dollar-denominated assets (witness the sputtering stock market), and a stampede of investment capital seeking refuge outside the borders of the United States.

This, of course, is precisely the opposite of what was expected. When Reich, Thurow, et al. peddled the twin-deficits hypothesis in the 1980s, they routinely promised that a tax increase would reverse the trade imbalance, lower interest rates, raise the rate of national savings, and expand domestic investment. All of this goes to show that ever since Reagan left town the most important deficit in Washington has been the deficit in understanding how the world really works. —GEKKO

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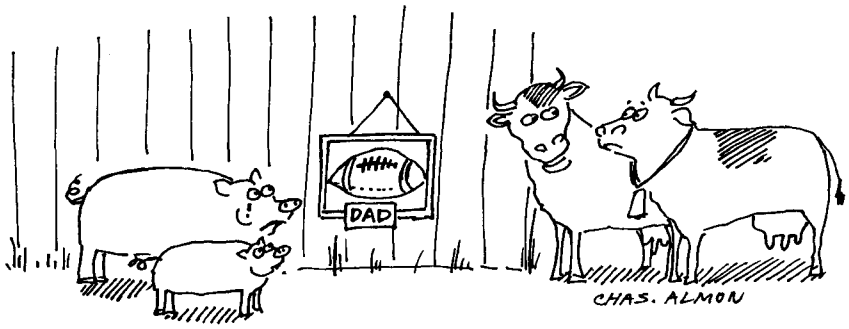

"Poor thing. Another football widow."

". . . Speaking of automation, Potts . . ."

Drop a Tear for Big Town

The *New York Times* pops sedatives.
  The *Village Voice* sucks air.
Silk Stocking matrons walk as if
  Count Dracula were there.
The Mayor has a hunted look.
  The Council's into shrinks.
On Broad and Wall, however, wives
  Are de-mothballing minks.

W. H. VON DREELE

". . . and this little piggie went to America to invest."

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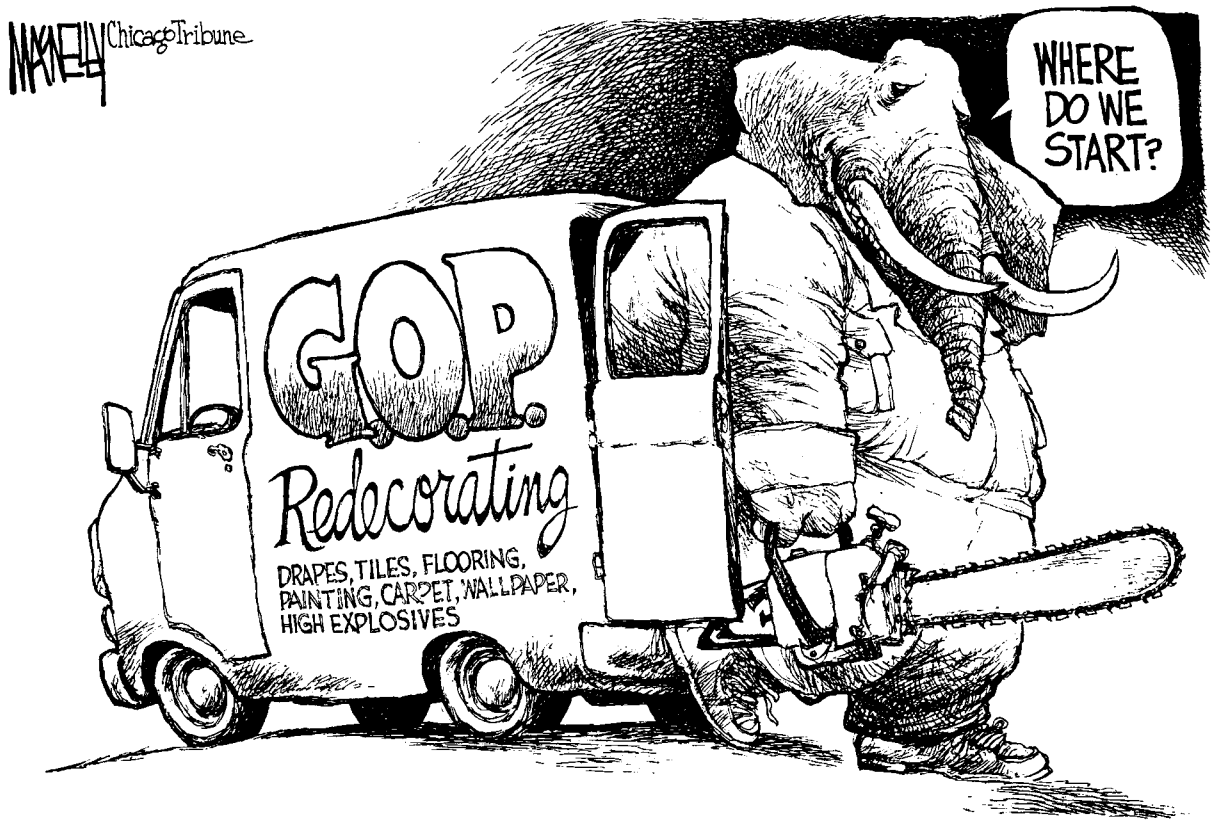

HAVING LOST THE HOUSE AND SENATE, DEMOCRATS RETREAT TO THEIR LAST STRONGHOLD.

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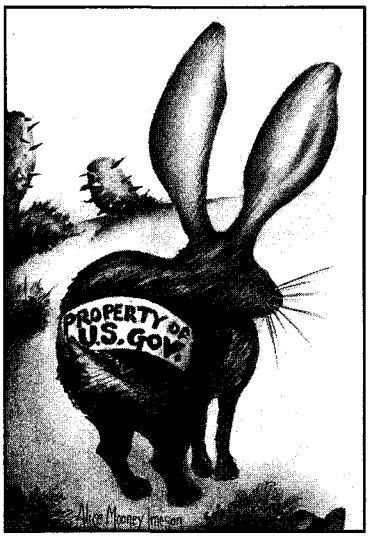

The Property-Rights Revolt

TAKINGS CAUSE

For two decades the radical environmentalists ruled. But as more and more people have lost their property with less and less justification, the backlash has begun.

JONATHAN H. ADLER

THE CREATION of a desert wilderness area in California has been near the top of the environmentalist wish list for almost a decade. During the Reagan and Bush years, Republicans thwarted the proposal. But this year Senator Dianne Feinstein (D., Calif.) succeeded in pushing a desert bill through Congress, defeating a Republican filibuster in the closing days of the fall session. The California Desert Protection Act will turn nearly eight million acres, including about 700,000 acres of private land, into a federal wilderness area bigger than Maryland. Environmentalists have hailed the new law, their one significant accomplishment in 1994, as a vital step in the preservation of the American landscape.

But a funny thing happened on the way to locking up eight million acres of desert. Representatives Billy Tauzin (D., La.) and James Hansen (R., Utah) offered an amendment to ensure that property owners receive just compensation for land designated an endangered-species habitat. Without the amendment, the government could take land for the wilderness area on the cheap by, say, declaring it to be desert-tortoise habitat, thereby prohibiting development and slashing the property's value. Under the amendment, the government could still use eminent domain, but it would have to pay compensation as if the tortoise listing, and the consequent land-use restrictions, had never been imposed.

Despite vehement opposition from the desert bill's House sponsor, Natural Resources Committee Chairman George Miller (D., Calif.), the amendment passed overwhelmingly, 281 to 148. Representative Miller was so upset that he temporarily withdrew the bill from consideration.

Environmentalists were not supposed to have so much trouble in the 103rd Congress. At the beginning of 1993, Washington's environmental lobby was optimistic. The incoming Administration was exceedingly green, with Bruce Babbitt as secretary of the interior, Al Gore as Vice President, Alice Rivlin at the Office of Management and Budget, Tim Wirth at the State Department. Environmentalists had a full agenda of regulatory proposals and seemed to have the political clout to enact it.

Instead of new advances, however, they began hoping merely to avoid defeat. In a controversial memo issued on March 4, 1994, the lobbyists for America's most influential environmental groups outlined a legislative strategy that was far from ambitious. Based on a meeting with two key green congressmen, Mr. Miller and Henry Waxman (D., Calif.), the memo indicated which environmental issues could be put up for congressional debate.

The memo spoke openly of "killing" reauthorization efforts for several major environmental laws lest they be amended in ways the environmentalists didn't like. (Somewhat counterintuitively, in the absence of a reauthorization vote these laws simply remain in force.) Named in the memo were the Endangered Species Act, the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act, and even the elevation of the Environmental Protection Agency to Cabinet-level status. Green lobbyists considered adopting a "kill strategy" for the hazardous-waste cleanup law (Superfund) and the Clean Water Act as well.

The lobbyists' fear was that an "unholy trinity" of amendments would be added to these bills during open debate: a requirement that the EPA conduct sound risk assessments and disclose its methodology; a provision barring Congress from creating environmental programs that state and local governments would have to pay for ("unfunded mandates"); and provisions requiring estimates of the impact that regulations would have on private property ("takings assessments"). By keeping environmental bills off the floor, the green lobby could prevent consideration of these amendments.

Mr. Adler is associate director of environmental studies at the Competitive Enterprise Institute.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALICE MOONEY IMESON

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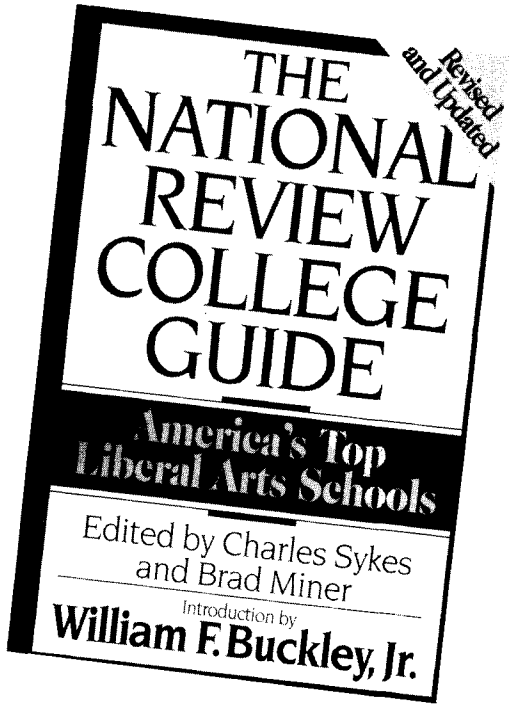
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America's Top Liberal Arts Schools
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Introduction by
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This tactical retreat showed an environmental movement that is increasingly on the defensive. For years it had mainly fought big industry and portrayed these battles in white-hat/black-hat terms. Now it has to contend with a grass-roots backlash that promises to transform political debate as dramatically as the environmental movement itself did in the Seventies.

To the Barricades

THE EXTENT of the resistance was first revealed during last year's debate over the National Biological Survey (NBS), a proposed federal agency to be charged with cataloguing all plant and animal species in the United States. Establishing the NBS was at the top of Interior Secretary Babbitt's legislative agenda, and it was not initially viewed as controversial.

But property owners saw that the NBS was designed to serve as a road map for the expansion of federal controls on the use of private land under the Endangered Species Act (ESA). The ESA has already had a severe impact on property owners from coast to coast, forbidding development, preventing logging, even barring Californians from clearing fire breaks to protect their homes. The NBS would give the Federal Government an even greater ability to impose such rules.

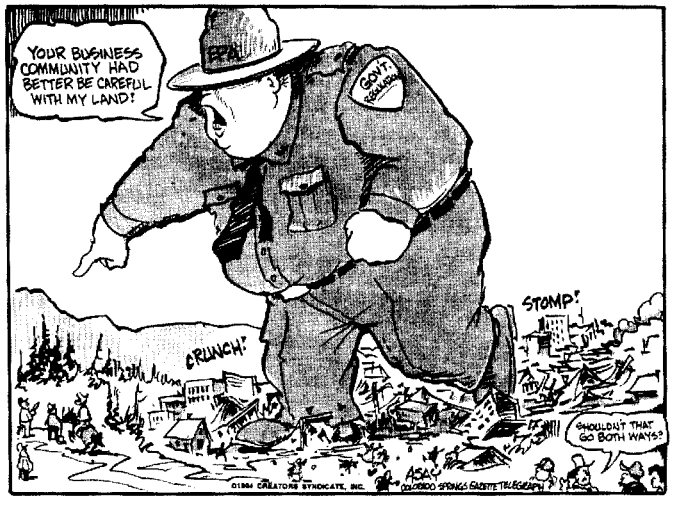
For property-rights advocates such as Chuck Cushman of the American Land Rights Association (ALRA), this was a sobering possibility. So ALRA and other property-rights organizations swung into action. Mr. Cushman's group alone sent faxes to some 14,000 individuals and organizations, warning that the NBS could "be used to achieve one of the oldest dreams of the radical preservationist movement—federal land-use controls."

Property-rights supporters in the House proposed a series of amendments to the NBS legislation. One of these, offered by Representative Charles Taylor (R., N.C.), required NBS officials to get written consent before setting foot on private land. The amendment passed overwhelmingly, 309 to 115, shocking the environmental community and surprising even proponents of the amendment.

This was not total victory. The Interior Department is conducting the NBS on its own, without congressional authorization. And as the critics feared, NBS research is forming the basis for species-protection regulations in California and elsewhere. Nevertheless, fears that the vote on the Taylor amendment was a dress rehearsal for amendments to the Endangered Species Act itself were what led Secretary Babbitt and his allies in Congress to pull ESA reauthorization off the table.

The strength that startled Mr. Babbitt grows out of many legitimate grievances. This year Americans will spend more than $150 billion complying with environmental regulations, and the benefits of these programs are increasingly elusive. Many property owners have lost the right to use their land not only under the Endangered Species Act but also under federal wetlands regulations, often without any showing of a threat to humans or the environment. In the last few years property-rights groups have been founded in every state; by some counts, there are as many as seven hundred such groups throughout the country.

This has not escaped members of Congress. "The thing that people are talking about in every part of my district is property rights," said Representative Henry Bonilla (R., Tex.) on his return from the Easter recess. Property rights were an important campaign issue this year, particularly in the West. In Idaho, Helen Chenoweth, a natural-resources consultant who made property rights a central campaign theme, staged an upset victory in the Republican primary. On November 8 she trounced the Democratic incumbent, Representative Larry LaRocco, and she plans to put property rights at the top of her agenda when she arrives in Washington. Other candidates who stressed property rights include Texas Governor-elect George W. Bush and incoming Representatives Wes Cooley (R., Ore.) and William "Mac" Thornberry (R., Tex.).



Property-rights advocates have been active in state capitals as well. Ten states have passed property-protection statutes, and more are expected to follow suit. The only political defeat for property-rights activists so far came this November in Arizona, where voters rejected a ballot proposition to require bureaucrats to consider the impact of regulation on land values. According to Nancie Marzulla, president of Defenders of Property Rights, proponents were unprepared for the opposition's onslaught; she estimates that environmentalists outspent supporters of the measure by more than 2 to 1.

In any case, property-rights advocates want the government to do more than simply consider the cost of regulations. As with the amendment to the Desert Protection Act, they argue that many of the actions undertaken in the name of species protection and wetlands preservation violate the Fifth Amendment clause, "nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation." If the public wants to protect endangered species or preserve a scenic vista, the public should be willing to pay for it, just as it pays for highways, parks, and other "public goods." The costs should not be imposed on whoever is unfortunate enough to hold title to a coveted piece of land.

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"The rationale is that people should never be allowed to take by majority vote without compensation what they would have to pay for if they acted cooperatively in their private capacities," explains University of Chicago law professor Richard Epstein, author of the seminal *Takings: Property Rights and the Power of Eminent Domain*. The compensation requirement would provide a check on regulatory agencies, but without returning environmental matters to a Hobbesian state. Enforcing the takings clause would not prevent regulations that produce significant social benefits, since they would be worth the cost of compensation, or regulations that stop direct harm to individuals and their property, since compensation would not be required. But it would eliminate the presumption in favor of regulation.

To see how this would work, consider a case in Washington state. The Fish and Wildlife Service is seeking to prevent the Anderson & Middleton Logging Company from harvesting timber on 72 acres of privately owned land in order to protect a pair of spotted owls nesting a mile and a half away on government land. Because A&M's actions pose no threat to people, a takings analysis would indicate that the Federal Government would have to compensate the firm for a ban on logging. But if A&M were polluting groundwater, posing a threat to a nearby community, compensation would not be necessary.

Consider the Victims

WHILE THE WORK of Professor Epstein and other legal scholars provides intellectual ammunition, the real impetus for the property-rights movement is outrage at specific cases of government abuse of landowners. Under wetlands regulations, for example, landowners are supposed to seek permits from the Army Corps of Engineers any time they wish to modify a wetland. Although the regulatory standard requires evaluation of the permit application within 60 days, the Corps fails to meet this deadline in more than 90 per cent of cases. On average the Corps takes well over a year to process a permit, according to a study conducted by Beveridge and Diamond, a law firm in Washington, D.C. This has been true even for wetlands less than half the size of a ping-pong table. The delays lead many landowners to withdraw their applications, exposing themselves to prosecution if they then proceed with their projects.

In 1990 the New Covenant Baptist Church in Titusville, Florida, received a cease-and-desist order concerning its plans to build a new sanctuary on a plot that had been re-zoned as a place of worship in 1985. Failure to comply with the order would bring criminal penalties of up to $50,000 a day and potential imprisonment. The church's subsequent permit application was denied after a 147-day delay, and regulatory officials demanded that the site be restored to its original condition to protect less than one acre of wetlands. Moreover, the church's pastor was forced "in lieu of penalties . . . to meet with representatives of other Baptist churches in [the] county to educate the leadership of those churches" about wetlands regulations.

The Endangered Species Act is an equally powerful weapon. When a species is listed under the ESA, explains Bruce Babbitt, "there is a freeze across all of its habitat for two to three years while we construct a habitat conservation plan which will later free up the land." In 1990 Howard Burris of Travis County, Texas, discovered what this meant. He had spent 15 years and millions of dollars developing some land his family had owned since World War II. Then, four years ago, Mr. Burris received a cease-and-desist order from the Fish and Wildlife Service because his land was identified as suitable habitat for the golden-cheeked warbler. "I was in a box," he says. He was unable to continue development or to make any other productive use of the land. As a result, the bank foreclosed on nearly 400 acres. "I'm not at all opposed to protecting endangered species," says Mr. Burris, "just to giving up my net worth to do it." After his experience, he began contacting property-rights groups around the country.

As this story illustrates, the new opposition to environmental regulations, like the environmental movement before it, is a grass-roots phenomenon. This is what makes it such a powerful political force. A small landowner under threat of losing her homestead is a more sympathetic victim than a corporation concerned about a moderate decline in profits. This is why the rise of the property-rights movement has been instrumental in changing the environmental debate.

Fifteen years ago Americans were moved by the story of Lois Gibbs, a housewife from upstate New York whose life was disrupted when toxic sludge began seeping from a hazardous-waste site at Love Canal. The fears sparked by the resulting publicity led to the Superfund law, and Mrs. Gibbs went on to found the Citizen's Clearinghouse on Hazardous Waste. Appearing as a victim of pollution, she was an effective advocate on environmental issues.

The property-rights movement may have its own Mrs. Gibbs in the person of David Lucas, a developer in South Carolina. State laws prevented him from building homes on a stretch of beachfront property, even though his land was bracketed by plots with houses on them. An outraged Mr. Lucas took the state to court in defense of his right to the reasonable use of his property. In June 1992, the Supreme Court ruled in his favor, and South Carolina was forced to purchase the undeveloped lots (which it later sold to another developer). Having fought and won, Mr. Lucas is an inspiration to landowners throughout the country.

The political strength of the property-rights movement has been augmented by extensive networking via modem and fax. In 1991 this networking led to the formation of the Alliance for America, a loose coalition of property-rights and "wise use" groups. (The wise-use movement, primarily a Western phenomenon, calls attention to environmental restrictions that have severely limited the activities of ranchers, loggers, and off-road-vehicle enthusiasts on public lands.)

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There are also several legal groups, including Defenders of Property Rights, the Mountain States Legal Foundation, and the Pacific Legal Foundation, that help property owners defend themselves. Mountain States, for instance, is representing a small landowner threatened by a snail-habitat designation and a rancher who was hit with a $4,000 fine for shooting a grizzly bear that was killing his sheep. Mimicking the environmental movement's climb to power, property-rights advocates seek to advance their cause on every front—in Congress, at the local level, and in the courts.

The Green Empire Strikes Back

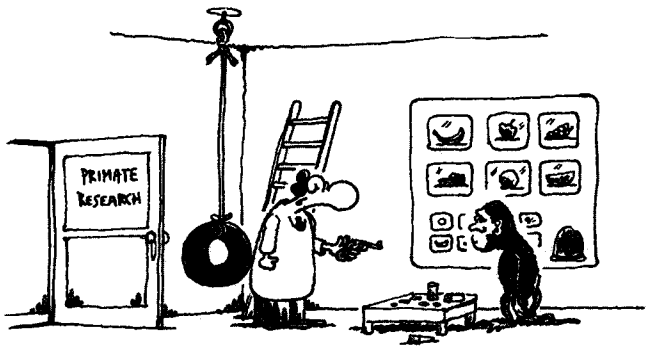
IN RESPONSE, environmental groups have pulled out all the stops. Seeking to expose "the campaign to hide environmental abuse behind property rights," the National Wildlife Federation in 1992 distributed a packet to every member of Congress outlining a "new environmental destruction coalition" bankrolled by "myriad corporations who stand to gain millions of dollars" by defeating environmentalist efforts. Environmental leaders have charged that property-rights activism is a "poisonous movement" that comes "directly from the radical agenda of Ed Meese." Property-rights activists are really "special-interest groups who profit from pollution."

This is the stuff of which great fund-raising campaigns are made. But in what sense do people like Howard Burris and David Lucas "profit from pollution"? Furthermore, most groups in the "environmental backlash" are small and underfunded compared to their multimillion-dollar counterparts in the environmental establishment. Greenpeace recently published a *Guide to Anti-Environmental Organizations* purporting to expose "corporate greenwashing campaigns" that operate "under the banner of free enterprise, democracy, and economic growth." Yet the annual budget of Greenpeace alone is greater than those of all 54 organizations listed in the guide combined. The Alliance for America's 1993 budget was less than $120,000. Compare that to the National Wildlife Federation's annual budget of $87.7 million.

This gulf between perception and reality has not gone unnoticed within the environmental establishment. At the 1992 meeting of the Environmental Grantmakers Association, Debra Callahan, environmental grass-roots program director for the W. Alton Jones Foundation, presented the findings of that foundation's study of property-rights and wise-use activism. Her comments were not intended for public consumption, and so they are particularly revealing. (These quotations come from tapes of the proceedings, excerpts of which were printed in the *Land Rights Letter*.)

"We have come to the conclusion that this is pretty much a grass-roots movement," Miss Callahan said. She added that many environmentalists, including herself, would like to think that the property-rights and wise-use groups are "command and control, top heavy, corporate-funded front groups." Unfortunately, she lamented, "it's not true." Noting the presence of protestors outside the meeting, she said they were "real people out there with placards, who've lost their jobs . . . How do you say to somebody, 'No, I don't want you to have your job'?"

A recent study of the property-rights and wise-use movements "prepared under the direction of the Wilderness Society and its president George Frampton" (now assistant secretary of the interior for fish, wildlife, and parks) came to similar conclusions. "There is no doubt,"



"I'm sorry, but you know too much."

it declared, "that Wise Use has taken root in rural America and found fertile ground there for future growth." The report explicitly rejected the notion that this activism was the result of outside agitation. It concluded that "Wise Use has a strong message that is targeted at our Achilles' Heel."

Environmentalists are "being challenged . . . in a way that they've never been challenged before," says *New York Times* environmental reporter Keith Schneider. As a result, many environmental leaders see a need to reshape the movement's image. The authors of the Wilderness Society report concluded that environmentalists would have to recapture a "mainstream message." Meanwhile, they said, environmentalists should tie wise-use and property-rights groups to "extremists," a connection they conceded does not really exist.

Meanwhile, environmentalists also face challenges from critics who question the cost-effectiveness of environmental regulations. There is a growing consensus in favor of ensuring that regulatory efforts are focused on the greatest risks and that the costs of regulations do not exceed their benefits. These issues are included in the Republican "Contract with America."

It remains to be seen whether basic property protections can pass both houses of Congress and overcome a presidential veto. Environmental groups have enlisted the support of a wide range of liberal pressure groups, all with an interest in expanding the size and scope of the Federal Government.

Conservatives have long neglected environmental policy. Rather than offering a clear alternative, they have sought to achieve similar goals at a slower pace and slightly lower cost. If they continue this pattern, they will forfeit a great opportunity to carve out a new environmental strategy based on a principled defense of the right to private property. □

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GRABBING BACK THE LAND

ELIZABETH LARSON

WESTERNERS from New Mexico to Montana are angry at federal attempts to increase grazing fees on public lands and restrict access to national forests for everything from logging and mining to hunting and hiking. Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt's "Rangeland Reform '94" simply brought to the surface long-standing resentment of federal control in an area of the country where more than half of the public lands are under Washington's jurisdiction. In response, citizens and lawmakers are enacting ordinances and taking various other actions to challenge federal authority. Nor have their activities gone unnoticed: Memos obtained from the U.S. Attorney's office in Nevada detail an August 30 meeting in which members of the FBI, the Bureau of Land Management, and the U.S. Forest Service discussed the use of civil lawsuits and criminal prosecutions to stem this Western revolt.

Although it is reminiscent of the Sagebrush Rebellion of the late 1970s—when Westerners demanded that the federal government turn over public lands to the states' authority—the current movement is far more broad-based.

(Continues on page West-5)

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WEST WORLD

■ Aides to California's Pete Wilson say he has no interest in running for President. Wilson would have issued the statement personally, but he was busy trying to re-fold roadmaps for Iowa and New Hampshire.

■ Sounding a little like someone who had been bonked by George Foreman, gubernatorial palooka Kathleen Brown explained that she was "just in the wrong place at the wrong time." Maybe the right place and time would have been Massachusetts in the Seventies. Meanwhile, the efforts of Miss Brown's campaign manager, Clint Reilly, have not gone unrecognized. He's been retroactively named honorary captain of the *Titanic*.

■ The day after the overwhelming victory of California's Proposition 187 a vocal group of protesters assembled at the court house in Los Angeles to protest the welfare, medical and education cuts for illegal aliens. Their chant: "Governor Wilson, listen to the people!" Did they mean that they wanted quick implementation of the Proposition? Or did they somehow think that they, rather than the majority that approved the Proposition, were the people? The Governor was not confused: the day after the election he issued an executive order mandating prompt enforcement of 187's provisions.

■ In the wake of Proposition 187, "national Hispanic leaders" have called for a boycott of everything connected with California. The National Association of Hispanic Journalists has dropped California as a potential site of its 1998 convention, and the World Boxing Council, headquartered in Mexico City, has declared a boycott of world title fights in the Golden State. Who knows? Maybe the boycott will catch on and eventually spread to illegal aliens.

■ The U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, Jim Jones, has apologized to the Mexican government for the bad manners displayed by the voters of California in voting for 187. Jones told the Mexicans that this was an example of how free elections don't necessarily lead to right results. He did add, however, that he was confident that the courts would chastise the voters for their mean-spirited views on illegal immigration. The Mexicans must have been surprised by such naïveté; they have known for years how to make elections produce the right results and they don't even have to rely on the courts.

■ California Republicans are properly outraged by Los Angeles Mayor Richard Riordan's treachery in endorsing Dianne Feinstein in the recent, tightly-contested U.S. Senate race. And we have a neat idea. What say the Huffingtons migrate south from Santa Barbara to Brentwood? Can you say Mayor Huffington?

■ Speculation that Huffington intended to use a Senate seat as a stepping-stone to the Presidency were not true. It would have meant moving to a smaller house.

■ We hear a sequel to the movie *Free Willy* is in the works. It will tell the tale of California Assembly Speaker Brown giving up the gavel.

■ Few noted the fact at the time, but the days leading up to the election must have been proud ones for bilingual educators, who had something tangible to show for their emphasis on ethnic pride when many of their students cut classes and took to the streets waving Mexican, Guatemalan, and Salvadoran flags to protest Proposition 187. The students were indignant when it was pointed out that their actions would only help gain support for the "racist" measure; after all, they claimed, they were only trying to "better themselves" and had taken to the streets in angry protest since "they wanted to stay in school." Might we suggest Logic 101? Or would that be Eurocentric?

■ At the twenty California State University campuses, out-of-state students who are U.S. citizens pay $7,380 in annual tuition. Illegal immigrants pay $1,584. But it would be racist to complain.

"And so, to summarize, Mr. Mowglook, you claim you were in your igloo the night of December 9 to April 1?"

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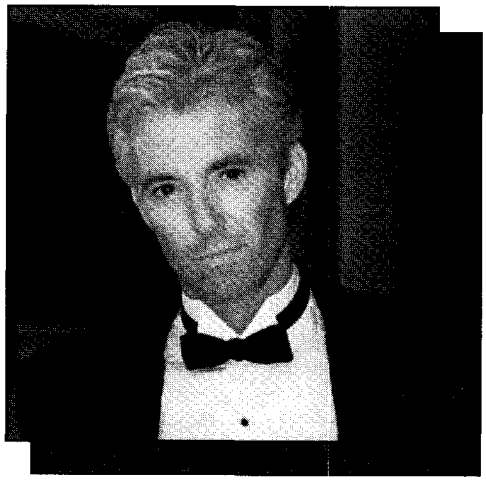

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It's that time of year again, where endless dreams, wishes and inspirations fill the air. Feelings of generosity, hopefulness, and encouragement, gently remind us to be the best we can be. The exhilaration and satisfaction we feel this holiday season not only stirs from within, but is reflected on the outside through the creation of a new outlook.

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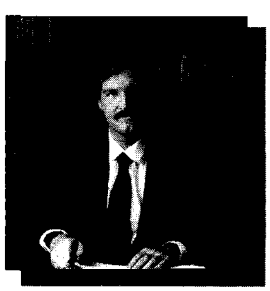

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■ The Los Angeles Trial Lawyers Association officially changed its name to Consumer Attorneys Association of Los Angeles. The new title apparently won out over Democrat Shysters in Denial.

■ On November 15, at the Convention Center in Oakland, California, the "Official U.S. Preparatory Meeting for the United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women" was convened. Among those convening were the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, the Women's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor, and the U.S. Department of State. The keynote speaker was Carol M. Browner, Administrator of the EPA. On the official list of "Cooperating Organizations" was the "U.S. Prostitutes Collective." It was not clear if this is a government agency. We've come a long way, baby.

■ Some will remember Compton, California, Councilman Patricia Moore from the Los Angeles riots, which she publicly called "pay-back time" for the beating of Rodney King. Paybacks were something she apparently knew more about than we realized. Last month she confessed to having extorted money from a company that wanted to start a business in Compton in 1992. The incriminating evidence? Ironically a videotape, on which she is seen taking $9,100 from an undercover FBI agent. Rumor has it that Councilman Moore will now turn state's evidence in the trial of Congressman Walter R. Tucker III, also of Compton, who was indicted on similar corruption charges back in August, at which time he compared his plight to that of other blacks who he claimed were being persecuted for their skin color, specifically mentioning Mike Tyson, Michael Jackson, and O .J. Simpson. All we can figure is that these two characters must be vying for the 1994 Marion Barry Award.

■ There was nary a Book of Common Prayer in sight when the "Anglicans of the Nine O'Clock Service," self-described purveyors of "youth evangelization," hit San Francisco's Grace Cathedral last month for one of their "rave masses." What *was* in sight, according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*'s rapt religion writer, were "giant video screens, blinding strobe lights, and loud pulsing music." On the giant screens were "bubbling, psychedelic images, video clips of ecological destruction, lyrics for disco beat hymns, and live shots of the Reverend Chris Brain and his dancing eucharistic ministers." The 36-year-old Brain was heard to insist, "We must change." (Is he Presidential material or are we dreaming?) Meanwhile the sermon explained the importance of rave masses: "Thirty-five young people are here teaching us to pray in a new way, which is also an ancient way with less books and more dancing." One of those seen swaying in this new and ancient way was California's Episcopal leader, Bishop William Swing. At least one person who dropped by found the event wanting in an important respect: "These people are not ravers," he said. "No one offered me any drugs." Presumably he was hoping for an aspirin.

■ A mellower Episcopal outreach program—aimed at American Indians—is to be found a couple hours east of San Francisco, in Roseville, near Sacramento. Its style of worship? In place of incense, sweet grass is burned in abalone shells. One of the hymns goes, "Grandmother, show us how to dance the earth; Brother Jesus, teach us how to love." And the minister, who complains that Christopher Columbus "stuck a spear in my mother the earth," gravitated to the Episcopal Church because other churches wouldn't allow him to go to pow-wows. Still, for our money, we would rather smoke peace pipes at pow-wows with Blackfoot Minister Tim Cantrell than rave with Reverend Brain and Bishop Swing any day.

■ But the champs at raving—and without music, at that—are still the American Catholic Bishops, who voted unanimously on November 17 to condemn Proposition 187, citing a "basic moral right to education and some other helps in society," no matter one's legal status. To our ears, that sounds like an open invitation for illegals (and maybe even Americans and legal residents) to enroll in American Catholic schools tuition-free. How about it, Bishops? Put your money, instead of ours, where your mouths are.

■ Congressman-elect Sonny Bono seems to have the needed humility to do his part in returning Congress to America. When it was clear he would be going to Washington, he remarked: "The last thing in the world I thought I would be is a Congressman, given all the bobcat vests and Eskimo boots I used to wear."

■ It was ten days after the election that Senator Dianne Feinstein was able to declare victory over Mike Huffington. The vote count was so slow that some of those handling it have apparently been offered jobs in the Post Office.

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LARSON

(Continued from page West-1)

"THIS is an odd combination of people who have come together because of their hostility toward the Federal Government," says Charlie Lee, whose Hat Ranch is one of the largest in New Mexico's Otero County. "We have a good cross section among gun owners, property owners, loggers, hunters, as well as the small businesses who serve them." Critical to its broad base, this Western movement is a regional manifestation of a growing national movement to revive strong property rights. Adds Lee: "This is about the private property that we own that is intermingled with the federal lands, as well as the federal lands themselves."

Otero County is generally considered to be one of the hotbeds of the Western revolt, and it is there that the movement's legal strategy has had its genesis. In late September, Otero County lawmakers unanimously passed an ordinance that "recognizes that the State of New Mexico owns all public lands within the borders of the State and that Otero County has a duty and the jurisdiction to (a) manage those public lands within the boundaries of Otero County; (b) protect all private rights held on these lands; and (c) preserve the local customs, culture, economy, and environment." The ordinance, which is directed against both the U.S. Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management, is the first step in what may be a long legal battle to wrest control of the state's public lands away from the federal government. Chaves, Lincoln, Eddy, Lea, Luna, and other New Mexico counties are presently considering similar ordinances.

Now that Otero County refuses to recognize federal control of its lands, the next step—which will likely take place in December—is for one or more ranchers in the area to turn their grazing fees over to a judge. At that point the Individual Rights Foundation will initiate an interpleader action in federal court, arguing that the state rather than Washington, D.C., is entitled to receive those fees, on the grounds that all public lands under federal management in the Western states properly belong to the states in which they are located. (see "Booting the Feds with 'Equal Footings,'" on p. 6).

Although the catalyst for this activism, Babbitt's "Rangeland Reform '94," is couched in words designed to evoke images of the traditional American West and the "spiritual well-being" provided by the rangelands, "the proof [of Washington's intentions] is in the pudding," says G. B. Oliver, vice president of Alamogordo's Western Bank. Babbitt's plan "would decimate the local economy," Oliver concludes, noting that almost all recreational use of public lands was being considered for severe restrictions, because "not just the loggers, but even hikers, are being blamed for threatening wildlife habitats."

RESISTANCE to continued federal land ownership and regulation is operating at all levels. New Mexico State Senator Timothy Jennings will introduce legislation in January similar to the Otero County ordinance. And New Mexico's Republican Congressman, Joe Skeen, a former sheep rancher, has introduced legislation calling for the Bureau of Land Management to rescind its control over public lands in the West. Even Senator Pete Domenici said in a September radio interview that New Mexicans' "anger and anguish" over federal interference is "in many cases well-placed."

The previously mentioned August 30 meeting with U.S. Attorney Katherine Landreth, Assistant U.S. Attorney Blaine Welsh, as well as Bureau of Land Management, Federal Bureau of Investigation, and U.S. Forest Service officials suggests that federal agents are taking the Western revolt seriously indeed. In fact, Forest Ranger Dave Grider's memo from the meeting (copied and turned over to the Individual Rights Foundation by someone in the Nevada U.S. Attorney's office) notes that a Nevada protest regarding control of federal lands "has received top priority by the Department of Justice" and that the Nevada episode "is not an isolated incident, but a national problem."

The Nevada incident that so ruffled U.S. officials offers an interesting glimpse at a contrasting anti-federal strategy from that of the New Mexico counties—one which is, at least initially, less dependent on the courts.

Elizabeth Larson is managing editor of The Defender.

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THE Jefferson Canyon Road in Nye County, Nevada, started out as a toll road connecting two mining camps in the 1860s. In 1983, the road—by then under the control of the U.S. Forest Service—washed out. Forest Service officials dragged their feet about repairing it—a familiar ploy used all over the West, because if the road remains unrepaired long enough, its use will be permanently banned. Then Nye County Commissioner Richard Carver announced he would do the job himself. District Forest Ranger Grider informed him the county would have to apply for a permit since the road was on federal lands.

Since Nye County officials had declared all roads within the county to be under their jurisdiction, Commissioner Carver said he did not need a permit from the Federal Government. So one day last summer, before an audience of more than 200 people, Carver got behind the wheel of the county bulldozer and prepared to work. Standing in his way, however, was a U.S. Forest Service official by the name of Dave Young, holding a sign that read: "STOP UNAUTHORIZED DISTURBANCE—Dave Young, USFS." A local sheriff's deputy joined the crowd and watched for half an hour as Carver slowly drove the bulldozer down the Jefferson Canyon Road with Young walking backwards in front of him carrying his sign above his head.

The activists who had gathered from Nevada and beyond cheered their commissioner for taking a stand against the federal agents. But they didn't hold any personal grudges. After Young finished his backward trek through the canyon, the spectators offered him soda and lemonade. Cool drinks weren't the only things the people came armed with: one spectator was lugging a pile of law books. Like Charlie Lee and others in New Mexico, the Nevada activists have been rereading their Constitutions and laws, wondering where things got so far off track.

As the Nye County commissioner said before climbing into his bulldozer, "I will do everything in my power to bring the power of government back to the people. We do not need to abolish our form of government. All we need to do is strengthen it." □

Booting the Feds with "Equal Footings"

AS THINGS now stand, the Western states retain jurisdiction over less than half of the land within their borders. In states such as California and New Mexico, 50 percent of the land is claimed by the Federal Government. In Nevada, 87 percent is under federal control. Since this federal land may be neither taxed by state government nor exploited by granting private industry licenses to use the land in a manner that generates tax revenue, federal control impoverishes the Western states and their citizens.

This fact forms the basis of one of the more interesting challenges to federal land ownership today—litigation currently being prepared by the Individual Rights Foundation under the "equal footings doctrine." If successful, it would represent one of the biggest land transfers in history and a significant amputation of federal influence in the West.

The argument is simple. The federal land grab in Western states has prevented the citizens of those states from effectively promoting industry or even developing a population base with which to compete politically with Eastern states.

Consider: New Mexico has greater natural resources than Pennsylvania and is twice Pennsylvania's size. How do they compare in population? New Mexico has 1.5 million people; Pennsylvania has 12 million. How do they compare in terms of political representation? New Mexico has three congressmen; Pennsylvania has 21. How do they compare economically? New Mexico's gross state product is $22 billion; Pennsylvania's is $182 billion. This inequality is largely a result of the conditions placed on New Mexico's admission to the union. If Pennsylvania had been subject to the same conditions in terms of federal ownership of land, it would never have established the great coal mines that ran the nation's industries in the 19th century or sustained the steel mills that built America's cities.

The "equal footings doctrine" holds that each new state must be admitted on an equal footing, that is, with no conditions or limitations that did not apply to the original thirteen states. This doctrine has been law for more than 150 years and has been upheld each time the Supreme Court has addressed it.

In *Coyle* v. *Smith*, the Supreme Court held invalid a condition of admission to the Union placed on Oklahoma that its capital must be maintained at Guthrie. Based on the equal footings doctrine, this decision allowed the citizens of Oklahoma to move their capital to Oklahoma City. In *Utah Division of State Lands* v. *United States* in 1987, the Court decided that the bed of Utah Lake transferred to the state of Utah upon statehood. In fact, the Court held that all public lands which are not expressly reserved pass to state control upon transition from territorial status. In no case has the Supreme Court ever held that public lands which are expressly reserved belong to the Federal Government, because that specific question has not, until now, been formally raised.

WHEN a region is still a territory, all its land belongs to the United States. When statehood is granted, however, something transformative occurs. The state achieves its own sovereignty, its own law, its own government, its own land. It is invested with a panoply of rights and powers it did not possess before, one of which is the right to exercise sovereignty over public lands within its borders.

When the Western states were admitted, however, the enabling acts required them to "disclaim all right, title and interest in the unappropriated public lands" within their borders. This has directly impaired state power, sovereignty, political clout, and wealth. It is as clear a violation of the equal footings doctrine as any the Supreme Court has heard.

—JOHN HOWARD

John Howard is a San Diego attorney and president and lead counsel of the Individual Rights Foundation.

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Confab in Los Angeles

THE GREAT ELECTION . . . AND THE NATURAL LAW?

GLENN ELLMERS

ON THE weekend before Sweet Tuesday, as history was thundering toward the polling booths, a group of scholars quietly convened at the University of Southern California to discuss some ideas that were not being bandied about on *Larry King Live* but which were an important part of the electoral stakes. The occasion was a symposium on Natural Law and the Constitution, sponsored by the USC Law Center.

The November 8 victors rightly proclaim that this election was a resounding repudiation of Liberalism and an affirmation of a body of ideas espoused by a growing coalition of citizens proud to call themselves Conservative. Without question, one of the elements of Liberalism repudiated was the judicial activism that has corrupted American politics for decades. It is no accident that some of the most lurid displays of liberal partisanship in recent years were occasioned by the nominations of conservatives Robert Bork and Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court. The liberal Congress relied heavily on the Courts to carry out the liberal agenda.

In its most conspicuous form judicial activism appeared in the idea of a "living Constitution." Articulated most vigorously by Justice William Brennan, this jurisprudence insists that the Constitution must constantly adapt to accommodate "social progress." In practice it means that constitutional "interpretations" become nothing more than "progressive" judges' idiosyncratic views of justice, morality, and rights. An example of its bizarre results is Brennan's claim that the death penalty is unconstitutional even though it is mentioned (approvingly) in the Constitution three times. More generally, this jurisprudence has produced a usurpation of lawmaking power by unelected judges bent on reforming America.

Against this, the conservative jurisprudence of Bork and Thomas presents a united front—up to a point. They are agreed that the role of judges is to interpret the Constitution, not to adapt it to their personal conception of "progress." They are agreed that authoritative guidance is to be found in the "original intent" of those who framed the Constitution. These are important agreements—bulwarks for the rule of law and limited government and stumbling blocks to the liberal project of expanding government in the service of newly created rights. If the new Senate will be applying any litmus tests in judicial appointments, these should be among them.

But are the principles of natural law, proclaimed to the world by America's founders, a part of that "original intent" that gives meaning and authority to the Constitution? On this question conservative jurisprudence is split. And—especially in light of the subsequent elections—this was the most interesting question raised at the USC symposium. (We pass over the feminist complaint that the natural law does not include women and the skeptics' argument that it has all the reality of the unicorn.)

Lino Graglia, of the University of Texas Law School, represented the "positivist" position widely associated with the views of Robert Bork. In this view, judicial arguments from natural law are as much a threat to constitutional integrity as the arbitrary whims of the "living constitutionalists." Natural law is nowhere to be found in the text of the Constitution itself.

Among the advocates of a natural law jurisprudence (which has been attributed to Clarence Thomas) were Harry V. Jaffa and Charles Kesler, emeritus professor and professor of government, respectively, at Claremont McKenna College. The nub of their argument is that the "original intent" of the founders can only be understood in light of the principles of "the laws of nature and of nature's God" from which the founders explicitly derived their understanding of government. These principles are in this view a part of the "original intent" that gives authoritative meaning to the Constitution. For judges to abandon them is to abandon the possibility of a principled defense of constitutional morality.

IN THE CITY which gave the world the Rodney King trials and will continue—apparently indefinitely—to give the world the O.J. Simpson trial, America's need for rational discourse on the grounds of civic and constitutional morality and the rule of law is painfully apparent. As we savor the first of many Sweet Tuesdays to come, there is the growing likelihood that this discourse will be led by Conservatives: So far, so good. □

Glenn Ellmers is in the Ph.D. Program in Government at The Claremont Graduate School.

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Debut of the Leonard Law

DO STUDENTS forfeit the right to free speech when they step onto campus? Servite High School in Anaheim, California, appears to think so. California law says no pretty explicitly. A young man named Michael Carter is being forced to go to court to make the former comply with the latter. In February, a Santa Ana courtroom will be the site of one of the most significant free speech cases in the state's history.

Carter is one of the more recent victims of the crude inquisition known as "Political Correctness." For anyone who thought it couldn't happen in staid and stalwart Orange County, or at a private, all-male Catholic high school like Servite, Carter's story will be an eye-opener.

In May 1993, Carter was completing his junior year at Servite and decided to run for class vice president. He wanted to make a point about the school's curriculum, having been particularly disturbed in his ethics class, where required reading included *The Day America Told the Truth*, a collection of anonymous surveys whose "findings" include: "One in five women has been date raped"; and "Only 13 per cent of Americans believe in the Ten Commandments." The female ethics teacher had also instructed Carter and his classmates that all crimes are committed by "you men."

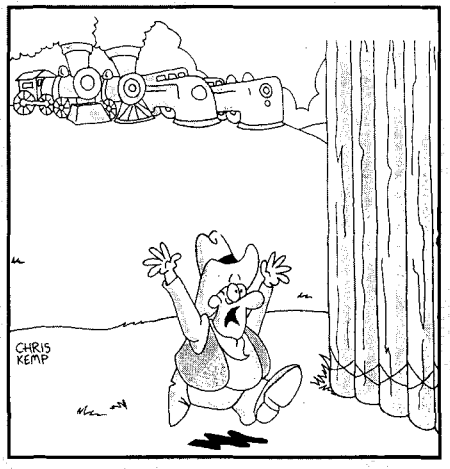
At a student election assembly organized by the school administration, Carter gave his campaign speech, and that's where all the trouble began: "What do we want done about the feminazi tactics used by some of the female teachers?" he asked. "The discrimination against us men must stop. As if we did not have enough to worry about with our studies!"

Pretty mild stuff compared with even the most run-of-the-mill political speeches of the recent midterm elections. But it was plenty to offend the PC witch hunters of Servite High School. The term "feminazi," introduced to the American lexicon by radio talk show host Rush Limbaugh, described what Carter believed were the tactics of certain of Servite's female teachers—in short, the kind of people who would expel a student for speaking a word that they don't like. And that's what they did—thus going a long way toward proving his point.

Carter was told that he could not return to school until after he underwent "psychological counseling." He refused this rather frightening demand, and was forced to complete his senior year at Edison High School of Huntington Beach, thus being denied a diploma from the more prestigious Servite. Now the student has turned plaintiff and filed suit to clear his name.

For its part, Servite now claims that Carter was only expelled after repeated behavioral incidents. That would be news indeed to anyone reading Carter's school file, which shows absolutely no record of any complaints, demerits or parent conferences to discuss any behavioral offenses. How then to explain Servite's revisionist tactics?

The school has found itself on the wrong side of a little-known state law, and now must find a way around its contemptible conduct of last year. The statute in question is the brainchild of State Senator Bill Leonard of Redlands, and extends to students the same free speech rights when they are on campus as when they are off. While everyone has heard of the First Amendment, the Leonard Law is hardly common knowledge. But it puts teeth in the First Amendment for California students.



"Engines!"

Carter's attorneys are breathing easier than Servite's, confident that a fair interpretation of the law will ensure that they prevail. Last month, Santa Ana Superior Court Judge Frederick P. Horn threw out the school's frivolous motion to dismiss the case, allowing the trial to go forward.

SOME may wonder whether this case threatens to expand state regulation of private and parochial schools. But neither the doctrine of the separation of church and state nor a school's right to discipline disruptive students is at issue here. This is about America's new PC thought police, whose natural habitat is American high school and college campuses and whose victims need and deserve the protection of the law.

Whether or not Servite students are oppressed victims of harsh treatment at the hands of some of the female teachers, the students have the right to say so, as all Americans have a right to speak their minds. Furthermore, at a time when many of our schools resemble graffiti jungles that turn out unprepared graduates with declining test scores, educators surely have more to worry about than the use of descriptive, albeit provocative words like "feminazi."

The slide toward censorship is a slippery slope. If we tolerate and accept restrictions on harmless speech and conduct, we elevate the trivial to a standard reserved for the serious. At many urban high schools, students who bring a weapon to class are not automatically expelled. But let them quote Rush Limbaugh at Servite and they'll be out on their ear.

If Michael Carter prevails in his lawsuit, what will it mean over the long haul? Certainly it will help publicize the Leonard Law, and perhaps it will even deter a couple of injustices in the future. But in many ways such cases are like forest fires. Left alone they rage out of control. But putting one out is a singular event, and no guarantee against the fire next time.

—JONATHAN WILCOX

Jonathan Wilcox is a former speechwriter for Governor Pete Wilson.

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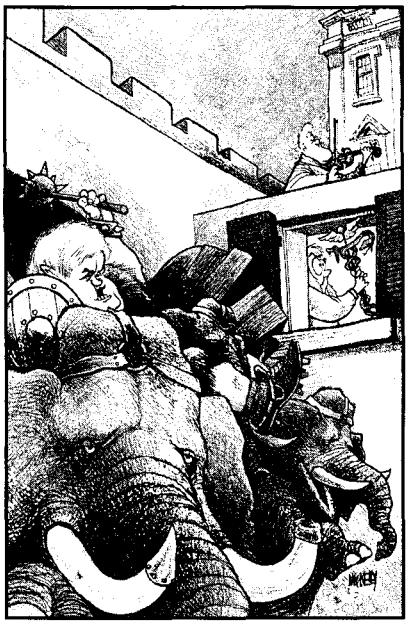

The Newt Order

RENOVATING THE HOUSE

Newt Gingrich wants to do more than shuffle the chairs around. But he will need help with the heavy lifting. Let's hope the Republicans don't get too comfortable.

RICH LOWRY

AFTER the Republican takeover of the House, 14-term Indiana Representative John Myers found himself within reach of one of Congress's sweetest plums: chairmanship of the House Appropriations Committee. With its opportunities for loose spending and self-aggrandizement, Appropriations is perhaps the most congressional of all congressional committees. The only Republican with more seniority, Joseph McDade (Pa.), is under indictment, and no one could question Myers's inside-Washington skills. Last year, when the Penny–Kasich spending cuts threatened to knock $90 billion out of the federal budget, Myers sent a letter to colleagues warning of local projects that might get axed if Penny–Kasich were to pass. Thanks to such pressure tactics, the deficit-reduction measure failed by 6 votes.

But this is just the sort of effectiveness the 104th Congress can do without. The Penny–Kasich letter helped prompt soon-to-be-Speaker Newt Gingrich to pass over Myers for Appropriations. The plum is landing in the hands of the fifth most senior Republican on the committee, Representative Bob Livingston (La.), a hard-nosed conservative who promises to make Appropriations decidedly less juicy. "Appropriations was always a great committee because you could increase funding for this or that," says Livingston. "Now we're going to be cutting programs." Myers, meanwhile, could take some consolation from the fact that he was in line for the chairmanship of the Post Office and Civil Service Committee—except that it's now slated for elimination.

A new order is emerging in Washington, and it looks a lot like Newt Gingrich: young, energetic, combative. Gingrich had promised a 100-day legislative blitz if the GOP won majority status, and in the weeks since the election he has begun marshaling his forces. Gingrich seems likely to model his speakership after that of Joseph Cannon, the iron-fisted leader of a Republican House at the beginning of the century. His lieutenants will be the boldest and fittest. Gradualists need not apply. Carlos Moorhead, the 72-year-old congressman from California, is universally liked but has never been considered a street fighter; he has been passed over for chairmanship of both the Judiciary Committee and the Energy and Commerce Committee. Gingrich is remaking Congress in the ideological and risk-taking image of his Contract with America.

For thirty years Congress has been wired for exactly the opposite: the plodding expansion of the welfare state. Old bulls like Henry Waxman (D., Calif.) became entrenched in committees where they gradually expanded their jurisdictional power and grabbed whatever additional authority and dollars they could for the programs within their purview; throughout the 1980s, from his perch on the Health and Environment Subcommittee of the Energy and Commerce Committee, Waxman quietly expanded Medicaid into the behemoth it is today. John Dingell, former chairman of the full Energy and Commerce Committee, is another textbook example; his committee was a jurisdictional black hole, sucking in all surrounding power until it had influence over about 40 per cent of House legislation. Not every Democrat could be a Dingell, of course, but they could aspire—hence the proliferation of subcommittees.

Comfy Chairs

THE line among Republicans has always been: when in doubt, call a Democrat "Mr. Chairman." All told, there were more than 250 committees and subcommittees in the 103rd Congress. A committee would often give birth to as many as 6 subcommittees. "Every time you increase the number of committees, you increase the power structures," says likely Majority Leader Dick Armey (Tex.). "The ethic that has governed the Democrats has been power building." Each subcommittee became a part of the "iron triangle," the nexus committees, special interests, and Executive Branch agencies. The upshot was generally more power for the agency, more government assistance

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

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for the special interest, and more contributions for the committee chairman. Most Democrats had at least one empire to build.

One goal of the Republican transition is to start dismantling this machinery. "We want to try to build an institutional structure that doesn't have all these temptations built into it," says Armey. First on the chopping block is a third of committee staff. (General Capitol Hill staff is likely to get slashed too, including such anachronisms as elevator operators, ice delivery men, and typewriter repairmen.) Democratic staff in Dingell's empire will go from 115 to 17. The effect is more than symbolic. "Their full-time employment was just trashing the market economy and the Republican Party," says a GOP staffer. "You take a thousand of these people and throw them out of work, that alone is going to make a tremendous difference."

Next is the committees themselves. Republicans are already committed to getting rid of three of them: Post Office and Civil Service, District of Columbia, and Merchant Marine and Fisheries—not exactly revolutionary moves, but

Hillary: GOP Mole?

This memo, apparently written in September, was leaked to NATIONAL REVIEW *prior to the elections.*

Memo to: Hillary Clinton
From: Mr. X
Subject: Post-Goldwater Strategy, Memo #39

Relax. I know you are jittery. But you have no cause for fear. Everything is going as planned.

Leaking Stan Greenberg's strategic memo to the *New York Times*—the memo warning Democratic candidates to steer clear of the President at all costs—is working like a charm. As expected, House Democrats used the crime bill to send the President a signal of their newfound independence. Those who remained loyal to him are now more terrified than ever, unsure which is worse—sticking by their President and their party, or going it alone. Intra-party sniping here on the Hill is at an all-time high. Expect more and more Democrats to peel away from the White House in the weeks ahead. By then, however, it will be too late. Even the most lackluster GOP candidates should have little problem devouring incumbent House Democrats.

Senate Democrats, meanwhile, are virtually gnawing off their own appendages to free themselves from any connection to your health-care proposals. Ignore Panetta and McLarty. Fire Gergen. Stay in the field, on television and in print. Keep demonizing the pharmaceutical industry, the insurance industry, and filthy, greedy paper-pushers. Find a way to attack big oil companies while you're at it. This will drive moderates ballistic.

A bit of warning. Don't criticize wavering Democrats, as tempting as that may be. Have the President assure reporters that while he understands these Democrats must publicly distance themselves from the White House, he is grateful that each privately vows to vote for universal coverage, and he looks forward to working with them in the 104th Congress. Praise these Democrats profusely, and watch them try desperately to shake you off.

Meanwhile, have the President send Jay Rockefeller a note congratulating him on his courage in the health-care battle, and particularly for telling the Associated Press: "We're going to push through health-care reform regardless of the views of the American people." Then leak the note to the press.

As the campaigns heat up this fall, look for the really tight races. Jet in on Air Force One and campaign for wavering Democrats—unannounced. Watch the color drain from their faces. In particular, I recommend that you try to help out Mario Cuomo in New York, Ann Wynia in Minnesota, and Bob Carr in Michigan.

The battle isn't over. Republicans have a knack for snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. But we are so close I can taste it.

The attacks we have orchestrated on the religious Right are energizing heretofore slumbering conservative evangelicals, Jews, and Catholics. The attacks we have orchestrated on Rush Limbaugh are increasing his audience and influence. Meanwhile, your health-care strategy remains masterly. That bit about trying to shield your 500-plus-member health-care advisory task force from public scrutiny—despite the "sunshine laws" requiring full and open disclosure—is brilliant. I only wish I had thought of it myself.

By the way, your concerns regarding Tony Coelho and the Democratic National Committee are understandable but unnecessary. This is simply a case of media overload. Over the past three decades, you have set so many traps, left so many seductive trails leading to all kinds of political and legal chicanery, that the press can only absorb so much at one time.

If the mainstream media don't uncover and rehash "the naked fact" that Coelho quit Congress "to avoid an official inquiry into his personal financial dealings with a wealthy S&L operator" (in the words of Brooks Jackson, author of *Honest Graft*), then surely the radio talk-show hosts will. This, together with Whitewater, Paula Jones, and the Rostenkowski indictments, will reinforce the rapidly emerging notion that Democrats are ethically challenged. As we discussed way back in memo #4, this is critical to achieving our aims. Remember what I said in memo #37, which I passed on to you through Kim Il-Sung and Jimmy Carter. Putting Coelho in the DNC is not an atom bomb but a time bomb. Nuking the Democratic Party is too risky; subverting it is far more effective.

It is hard to believe that we have gotten this far. But it is increasingly obvious that the conclusion we drew out of our experience with the Goldwater campaign was right: the Republicans would never be able to stop the Democratic Party's insatiable appetite for socialism. To derail the party of Roosevelt, Johnson, and Kennedy would take an inside job. And so it has.

When you are ready for another memo, change your hair style again.

—JOEL C. ROSENBERG

Mr. Rosenberg is a political writer in Washington, D.C.

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important symbolic breaks in the continuum of committee growth. Altogether, Republicans hope to get down to at most 18 committees (from the current 23) with no more than 5 subcommittees each. That will reduce some of the special-interest pressure points, avoid "joint referrals" (in which a bill passes through more than one committee and gets festooned with extraneous provisions), and lessen opportunities for empire building. There might even be a committee devoted to empire disassembly. Under the chairmanship of conservative Chris Cox (Calif.), the Governmental Operations Committee's Subcommittee on Commerce, Consumer, and Monetary Affairs may be renamed the Economic Productivity Subcommittee and devoted to examining stifling regulations.

Speed Bumps

BUT the effort to rationalize the committee system has already hit some speed bumps, discouraging the "structuralists," who argue that a substantially intact committee structure will eventually produce the same results as under the Democrats, and that the "iron triangle" will capture Republicans this time around. One early disappointment was the survival of the Small Business Committee. A do-nothing panel, it will continue because of lobbying by the National Federation of Independent Businesses, a key GOP ally during the health-care fight, and because its presumptive Republican head, Jan Meyers (Kan.), would be the first committee chairwoman since 1974.

The bigger target is Dingell's Energy and Commerce empire. In a rational world Energy and Commerce would spin off responsibilities. Its jurisdiction over securities would go to the Banking Committee, railroads to Public Works and Transportation, energy to Science, and environment to Natural Resources. Such wholesale power shifting will be difficult. Tom Bliley (Va.) was picked as the new Energy and Commerce chairman over Carlos Moorhead because he's a bulldog; witness his combativeness on health care. But bulldogs don't give up their bones easily. He and Jack Fields (Tex.), the designated chairman of the Telecommunications and Finance Subcommittee, are fighting a pitched battle to keep securities within their purview. Not inci-

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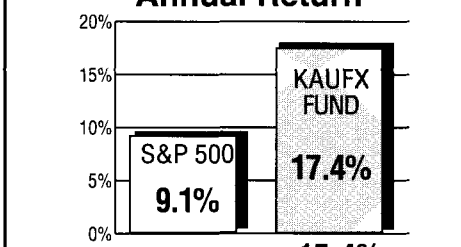

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dentally, this would mean that the contributions securities firms once handed over to the controlling Democrats would line their pockets instead.

Leadership aides stress the need to avoid ruffling too many feathers before the push to pass the Contract with America. "The Contract is sacred," says one. The balanced-budget amendment is scheduled for a vote by January 19; a February 6 vote is planned for the line-item veto. Passing these and other elements of the 100-day agenda will require close coordination with committee chairmen. Indeed, one point of ignoring seniority in picking them was to ensure that Gingrich would retain some sort of command (a perennial problem for the Democratic leadership in the past was that its various committee fiefdoms had spun out of control).

In the new House, it's clear who's in charge. And not only does Gingrich have muscle, he has vision. When he says he's concerned about "where do we get by 2020," he means it. Having dreamed about being speaker of the House since his freshman year in high school and worked feverishly during

Group Therapy

From a transcript of a meeting of Demsdebreaks, the newly organized support group for formerly powerful Democrats.

Attending the session were: about-to-be former House Investigations and Oversight Subcommittee Chairman John Dingell of Michigan; about-to-be former Speaker of the House Thomas Foley of Washington; about-to-be former House Judiciary Committee Chairman Jack Brooks of Texas; about-to-be former House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski of Illinois; about-to-be former House Health and Environment Subcommittee Chairman Henry Waxman of California; and Vernon Jordan, of the formerly prestigious Washington law firm, Akin Gump. Former Republican/Democratic operative David Gergen acted as facilitator.

GERGEN: Who'd like to start? Jack, I guess you're the ranking member here.

BROOKS: Ah didn't come heah to be insulted.

GERGEN: Jack, "ranking member" is not an insult. Technically. But I feel your pain.

BROOKS: Don't you tell me you feel my @#$%ing pain. You got no *idea* what I'm going through.

GERGEN: Good, you're in touch with your anger. Big John, want to add anything to what Jack is telling us?

DINGELL: I have nothing to add at this point. You will be informed if and when I do. Coming here was Debbie's idea, not mine.

GERGEN: She's worried about you. She says you haven't eaten in days, and that she hears you in the night moaning, "Tom Bliley is a fathead."

DINGELL: Never heard of him.

GERGEN: Well, John, he's been designated to replace you as chairman of the Energy and Commerce Committee. Sounds like we've got some big-time denial going here. Anyone want to comment?

WAXMAN: I've been having the same nightmare. Bliley, that Richmond funeral-home director, has taken over *my* committee and he's smoking that pipe of his and blowing smoke rings in my face and calling back the heads of the tobacco companies to praise them for "outstanding contributions to the nation." And . . . and . . .

A shriek is audible.

GERGEN: It's all right, Henry.

ROSTENKOWSKI: I guess what I miss most is seeing the word "powerful" in front of my name in the papers.

JORDAN: As opposed to "indicted"?

ROSTENKOWSKI: I wouldn't be so smug if I were you. Your firm's gonna be so hard up for clients you'll have to change its name to Aching Gump.

GERGEN: Okay, I think Dan's brought up a valid subject. Change.

BROOKS: If I hear that @#$% word one more time I'm gonna insert a @#$% spanner wrench in your Eustachian tube. You heah?

GERGEN: I heah. What I meant was, you came into the Congress in 1953. John was elected in 1955. Tom in 1964. Dan in 1958. Henry is the most recent arrival of all of you, and he came in 1975. Some of you get to stay, but it's going to be so different that, to paraphrase Winston Churchill on nuclear war, the survivors may envy the dead. No committee chairmanships, no big suites of offices, no underground parking spaces—

DINGELL: They'll have to pry my parking space from my cold, dead fingers.

GERGEN: —no huge committee staffs.

FOLEY: Could I say something?

BROOKS: You're still the Speaker, @#$% it. Stop talking like a whupped chihuahua.

FOLEY: I feel sorriest for the committee staffs. Three thousand people are going to be out of jobs.

BROOKS: @#$% 'em.

FOLEY: But for a lot of them it's all they've ever done. All they know is how to redistribute other people's wealth and make life miserable for minority staffers. I'm not sure what that qualifies them for in the private sector.

GERGEN: Thank you for sharing that, Tom. I think if the people from the 5th district knew what kind of man you really are, you wouldn't have been the first Speaker to lose reelection since Abraham Lincoln was alive.

ROSTENKOWSKI: I'll tell you what hurts. The way the press—

BROOKS: @#$%ing @#$%s.

GERGEN: Let's hear what Dan has to say.

ROSTENKOWSKI: I spent a lot of time stroking those prima donnas, so they'd make sure always to put the "powerful" in front of my name. Then on election night, I was trying to be gracious and I said I was going back to Washington to clear out my desk. And those smartasses at the *Washington Post* wrote, "He did not say what exactly was inside that desk or whether he intends to take the desk and other furniture with him."

GERGEN: Ouch. I bet that hurt.

JORDAN: Hey Dan, I got a solution for you. Why don't you open up a post office? You already got the stamps.

ROSTENKOWSKI: I'd sock you in the kisser, if I didn't need a job.

—CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

Mr. Buckley is editor of Forbes FYI *and author of* Thank You for Smoking.

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his 16 years in the House minority at the unlikely task of making it happen, there's no question Gingrich is in it for the long haul. "I have some knowledge of protracted conflict," he says, a reference to his first two, unsuccessful efforts to win a congressional seat.

The Gift of Gab

BUT this "conservative futurist," as he calls himself, sometimes seems to want to be the facilitator of the counterrevolution rather than its general. To bring about the necessary political and cultural changes, Gingrich warns, "we need a decade of education." The trouble is that Gingrich would like to provide it all himself. He calls the college course he's teaching on renewing American civilization "the most important thing I'm doing," an astonishing claim for the future speaker of the House. This is the man who hands out reading lists before his speeches, who talks of replacing the "rectangle of the liberal welfare state" with "the oblong" of the "conservative opportunity society." The cascade of words acquires a momentum of its own—"vision, strategy, tactics, projects," goes one list; "listen, learn, help, lead," goes another ("this is process, not a hierarchy," he says of the latter group)—until the listener wonders if Gingrich will ever find the rhetorical brake.

Already this verbal effluence has seeped into Gingrich's leadership style and has some Republican members shaking their heads over what they see as governance by the gift of gab. Some cite Gingrich's quick, high-profile backing of a school-prayer constitutional amendment as a shoot-from-the-hip move that he should have made only after consulting with the rest of the new Republican leadership. Even some pro-family groups don't like the fact that their energy will now be diverted into what may well be a losing fight over school prayer when other goals—family tax credit, welfare reform, etc.—are more pressing.

But these are quibbles. The Newtron Bomb has hit Washington: staffs will shrink, committees will dwindle, and chairmen will be less tied to the old order. If Gingrich needs to keep a tighter lip, it's only because what he says matters as it never did before. And that, of course, is the most stunning change of all. □

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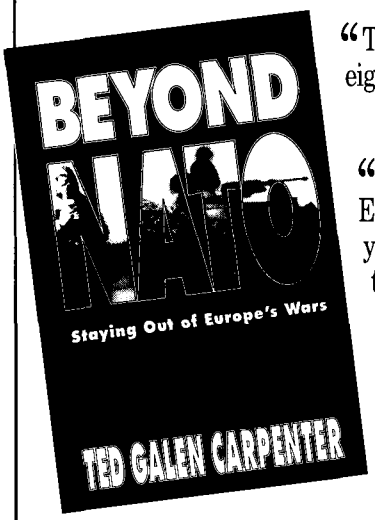

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Sending Education Home

LOCAL OPTIONS

Congress should return control of education to states, school boards—and parents.

LAMAR ALEXANDER, WILLIAM J. BENNETT, AND DAN COATS

AS IT SETS out to repair the damage wrought by its predecessor, the new Republican majority in Congress needs to look hard at education. Among the least-noticed events of October's closing legislative rush was final passage of HR-6, the Elementary and Secondary Education Act (ESEA), a $65-billion measure that is bad for children, for education, and for American federalism. In 1,000-plus pages it sets back the cause of serious school reform, wastes billions of dollars, and erodes local control of American schools.

At a showy pre-election bill signing in Massachusetts, President Clinton and Senator Edward Kennedy said the law signals a national commitment to our children. Retiring Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell (D., Me.) cited education as one of the jewels in the crown of the 103rd Congress. Education Secretary Dick Riley said no one in Washington, perhaps in the whole country, was serious about education before Clinton's inauguration. And columnist Jack Anderson reported that Morgan Stanley's research department finds Clinton's "political stock . . . blue-chip when it comes to keeping its promises on education reform."

Like so much associated with this Administration, however, what sounds too good to be true turns out to be not entirely true and not very good at all. HR-6 was the legislative equivalent of a stealth bomber, heavily armed with dangerous weapons but scarcely visible save to its controllers and crew.

Part of a comprehensive education package, along with "Goals 2000" and measures such as a "school to work" program and expansion of Head Start, HR-6 did far more than reauthorize ESEA, the keystone of federal school aid since 1965. It reversed a decade of progress toward a coherent, bipartisan education-reform strategy as embodied in the Bush Administration's "America 2000" plan, which sought to roll back federal regulation and replace it with the initiative of teachers, communities, and parents, and which coupled voluntary goals with good tests and accountability for results.

By signing off on HR-6 and Goals 2000, President Clinton transformed a nationwide reform movement into a federal program. The new regulations concern not only the standards and assessments that schools use but also how they discipline student offenders, the topics that teachers and parents must discuss with one another, the content of sex-education courses, and the (rare) circumstances in which denying a child the right to pray may be an infraction. Clinton has even created something akin to a national school board, the National Education Standards and Improvement Council.

Almost as worrying is the resurrection of inputs, resources, and services as gauges of education quality. Three decades of research show no reliable link between what goes into schools and what children learn there. Yet Goals 2000 and HR-6 affirm the routine assertion of the education establishment: If we're not happy with school results, more money and regulations will improve them.

Political correctness pervades many sections of the bill. *Education Daily* matter-of-factly reports that "HR-6 is laced with language on gender equity, from authorizing grants to requiring schools to collect data." The bill also establishes a post-modern definition of the "family," provides day care for the babies of unwed teenage mothers, and conflates school reform with health care, violence prevention, etc.

The law provides vast windfalls for colleges of education and authorizes funds for dozens of pork-barrel projects. More troubling still is the bill's hypocrisy with respect to such promising reform strategies as charter schools and parental choice. While allowing members of Congress to claim that they voted for them, HR-6 actually immobilizes them with rules and conditions. What good, for example, is a school-choice program that lets the "sending school" veto the child's departure? Furthermore, such shackles will help the enemies of school choice argue a few years down the road that these reforms don't work.

How It Passed

THE passage of this legislation reveals much about the opportunities and perils awaiting the new Congress. HR-6 spent more than a year on Capitol Hill after the White House sent it up. Hearings dragged on. The high-profile issues were how to adjust the Chapter One formula to direct more federal dollars toward poor communities and whether to keep or jettison Chapter Two, a block grant that was immensely popular with states and localities. Tucked away in the fine print—but seldom discussed or reported—were dozens of new programs and hundreds of changes in existing ones, as well as intricate linkages between ESEA and the Goals 2000 bill. The Administration's complex proposals were heavily embroidered by Bill Ford's House Education and Labor Committee, and Ted Kennedy's Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee.

Eventually, the House cranked out the most offensive piece of education legislation in memory, the Senate a somewhat milder version. The final edition was cobbled together behind closed doors during August and September in a "staff conference" dominated by Democratic congressional aides, some of them around since the days of LBJ. Lobbyists and Admin-

Mr. Alexander, a former governor of Tennessee and former secretary of education, is a Nashville attorney and a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute. Mr. Bennett, an NR *senior editor and a former secretary of education, is a co-founder of Empower America. Mr. Coats is a Republican senator from Indiana.*

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istration officials played key roles in the process, but nobody else was allowed into the room.

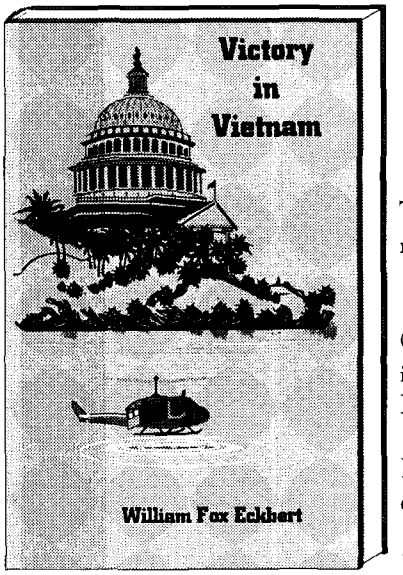
The vast bill emerged from conference about 48 hours before the House voted on final passage. Senators had a couple of additional days to try to get hold of copies and examine the bill. Few did. It is likely that not a single member of either body had actually read the full text of the final version.

The teachers unions and the Washington-based interest groups quietly did their part to round up votes, rousing their memberships with the promise of federal dollars. Business groups went along, perhaps because their education staffs consist mostly of establishment fellow-travelers. Governors, state legislators, and mayors, many of whom had fussed loudly about Goals 2000, were mute about HR-6, though it will cost them substantial control over their schools.

Conservative organizations sat this one out or focused on such narrow items as the school-prayer provisions. Editorialists naïvely supposed that any bill labeled "education" must be a good thing. As for congressional Republicans, most donned their "damage control" garb, curbing the worst Democrat-drafted excesses without challenging the measure's fundamental premises.

What can we do now? When it comes to education, decisions made in Washington are decisions *not* made by parents, teachers, and 15,000 local school boards. Mandates shaped in Washington are programs not fashioned by the states and communities, which foot most of the bill. Regulations crafted in Washington can be counted upon to respond to the demands of special interests rather than the needs of fifty million unique children attending some 110,000 distinctive schools across this diverse land.

Education is not an endeavor where one size fits all. Perhaps we can agree on a core of voluntary goals and standards that make sense for the nation, but it's folly to prescribe a single path to them, or to suggest that Uncle Sam knows best. Worse than folly, it saps initiative and responsibility, curbs creativity, and wrongly pretends that some of the touchiest and most localized issues in American society—the way our children are taught about religion and sex, the place of education in our communities—lend themselves to



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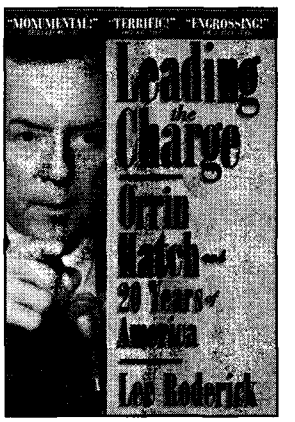

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uniform national solutions. Decentralizing education policy is a way to strengthen communities, to rebuild the culture, to buttress families, and to diffuse—and perhaps defuse—volatile decisions.

Horse-Trading

IN 1986, when one of us was chairman of the nation's governors and another was education secretary, the governors proposed some "old-fashioned horse-trading," namely lifting the regulatory burden from American schools in return for better education results. In time this proposal turned into a consensus about how to reform the schools: local control coupled with gubernatorial leadership; voluntary national goals combined with responsibility for each state and locality to work toward them as it deemed best; wide-ranging choices for families among excellent schools that differ on many dimensions; the fundamental right to flee a bad, or unsafe school for a good one, (plus tests that make it possible to know which are which); and essential skills and serious content taught by talented individuals who are accountable for their results and rewarded for classroom excellence.

That's what America 2000 was all about. And that's still how the American people believe we should tackle our education problems. A recent survey by Public Agenda makes plain that a "safe, orderly environment and effective teaching of the 'basics'" head their list, joined by high standards and clear lines of accountability. But the public has serious misgivings about the trendy schemes beloved of today's education establishment—the very approaches on which money and legitimacy are lavished by HR-6 and the rest of the Clinton package. As Public Agenda reports, "the large majority of Americans are uncomfortable" with such things as "ending the 'tracking' of students, and replacing standardized, multiple-choice tests with new, more 'authentic' assessments." We also know from other surveys that the American people strongly favor school choice and are deeply mistrustful of the Federal Government's ability to improve our schools.

Today Washington is on a collision course with what the American people want and what they know to be right. The recent election results provide dramatic evidence. HR-6 is a large, ugly example of what has gone wrong and what the voters are rejecting. It should be repealed. The "national school board" should be canned, and local control should be restored. Education should be sent home to states, communities, and families.

"Try to look at it this way: without incidents like this, your memoirs would make mighty dull reading."

Indeed, it's time for the Federal Government virtually to withdraw from elementary and secondary education and relinquish the authority it has seized in this domain. Dozens of federal programs ought to vanish. The resources they now consume should be made available—perhaps through a federal tax cut or an expanded version of Chapter Two—to states and localities to do with as they judge best. We're now drafting, and one of us plans in January to introduce, a short, simple bill to accomplish this. The new majority in Congress creates a more hospitable environment for such legislation than we've had since the Great Society pointed federal education policy in the wrong direction.

Insofar as any education functions stay in Washington, their guiding principles should be choice, deregulation, innovation, accountability, and serious assessment keyed to real standards in core subjects. The National Education Goals Panel, made up of governors and state legislators along with Executive Branch and congressional representatives, is where oversight responsibility should rest, not with civil servants, "experts," or the Federal Government. Today's Department of Education could be reduced to something far humbler and less costly.

That doesn't mean Presidents have nothing to say about education. In truth, they should say quite a bit. But they shouldn't try to run the nation's schools. They must not seek to control them. And they need to understand that acceptance of their education agenda depends on the power of their ideas, not on federal red tape. Bill Clinton should tell the country what he thinks a good school is. Those who agree with him can be trusted to create their own. Those who favor a different idea must be free to march to their own drummers. □

Where Do the Refugees Go?

SETTLING FOR LESS

Communities can perform functions often assumed by government—if government will get out of the way.

AMITAI ETZIONI

IN Key West, Florida, a sign facing Cuba reads: "When the last Cuban leaves Cuba, please turn off the light." Things actually happen the other way around: as Cubans find themselves without light and other essentials, they leave the island in droves. So far the focus has been on the refugees intercepted at sea and detained at Guantanamo Bay. We rarely hear about the roughly 30,000 Cubans who have landed in the U.S. this year.

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Their experience can teach us a lesson about how to address social problems.

As the recent waves of Cubans washed ashore on the coasts of Florida, Governor Lawton Chiles called on the Federal Government for help. His appeal brought to mind how the government handled the 125,266 Cubans who arrived during the Mariel exodus of 1980. I know a bit about this story, because at the time I was serving in the White House, with an august title (Senior Advisor) but with rather little influence, as you will see.

The *Marielitos* generated panic in the corridors of power. In the preceding year anti-immigrant emotions had mounted as other countries refused to accept additional refugees from Southeast Asia, forcing the U.S. to double (to 168,000) its yearly admission of boat people. Nationwide, social services were overloaded and the cry was out for federal help. The White House convened a working group to formulate a new refugee policy. As the only resident sociologist, I was put on this task force.

An implicit theme ran through the draft recommendations generated before my arrival: the task force wanted to federalize the problem. After calling the situation a "crisis," the reports urged that all local, private, and public resources be pooled in a master "coordinated" effort. The alphabet soup of federal agencies—HEW (later HHS), DoL (Labor), and HUD—would coordinate the effort.

Coordinating the Coordinators

OF course, these agencies themselves required coordination. It was suggested that the U.S. coordinator for refugee affairs crown the federal hierarchy of coordinated coordinators. Concerned that all this might be insufficient, the draft report added that the President in particular, but also the Vice President, the Domestic Policy Council, the U.S. refugee-affairs office, and the secretaries of various Cabinet departments would provide the leadership required to translate this national commitment into domestic receptivity and understanding. The report concluded by stating explicitly what had previously been implied: "If confusion and fragmentation which exist in many areas of refugee concentration are to be ameliorated, the Federal Government will need to designate—and fund—lead agencies to carry out this responsibility."

I suggested that an emergency coalition of voluntary associations, working with local communities, could handle the situation better than the Federal Government. The rest of the task force was intrigued by the notion, but Victor Palmieri, recently appointed as the U.S. coordinator for refugee affairs, argued that the voluntary agencies would never agree to assume such a heavy responsibility.

My reply was to visit these associations and ask them. The first stop was Bill Aramony, head of the United Way. He was reluctant to accept the financial obligations involved but offered to put the executives of the United Way to work coordinating the voluntary drive, exactly what the government felt had to be its mission. Next he ushered me into a meeting that included representatives of Catholic Charities of America, the Salvation Army, and the National Urban League. They said that if others would assist, they would carry their share of the burden.

Next stop was George Elsey of the Red Cross, who was enthusiastic. I got the impression that he wanted a dramatic, visible mission to get everybody's juices flowing. The reaction of Landrum Bolling, chairman of the

Mr. Etzioni is the author of The Spirit of Community *and founder of the Communitarian Network.*

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Council of Foundations, was similarly positive. And so it went.

When I reported my findings, with a bit of self-satisfaction, a new objection was raised. Dealing with refugees was the turf of the small charitable organizations that have long worked on behalf of particular refugee groups. I was told that they would be deeply offended if "their" mission was taken over by the "big boys," with whom they had less than harmonious relations. Federalization would keep the White House out of this conflict.

I tried one last maneuver. I suggested that the government urge the voluntary groups to consider a division of labor under which the small ones would stick to the jobs with which they had the most experience—overseas camps and first help on arrival. The big groups would take on the difficult tasks of finding or creating jobs, housing, and so on.

Time had run out. Palmieri wrote that my ideas were "useful," but he preferred other options and hence was not going to rely on mine in "any major way." Soon President Carter authorized him to follow the traditional pattern of throwing a federal agency at the problem. The U.S. Refugee Resettlement Agency, with Palmieri at the helm, took on the mission. Congress appropriated additional funds and authorized additional bureaucrats. Palmieri hired people, drafted plans, prepared guidelines, contacted federal agencies, and so on.

Disappearing Act

BY the time he got to Miami, most of the 125,000 Cubans had disappeared. The press stressed that the refugees included roughly 5,000 hard-core criminals and mental patients, who remained unsettled. But what about the 120,000 others?

Most of them were taken care of by their own. Family members already settled in the U.S., friends, Catholic Charities, and Cuban-American associations housed them, even if it meant doubling up; provided some clothing and cash; informally began acculturation by teaching essential English words; and employed them, initially at low wages and often off the books. Within nine months all but 6,900 Cubans were settled to the point where they stopped being public charges.

"Hendrickson is playing his practical joke again!"

The daily press focused on the "failures" of the resettlement efforts. On Decmber 12, 1980, the *New York Times* reported, under the headline "Many Cubans Remain Hard to Place in the U.S.," that 8,000 had not yet been placed, ignoring the overwhelming majority who had already been helped. A February 10, 1981, *Washington Post* article, "Resettling of Cuban Refugees Is Proceeding at a Slow Pace," told the story of one Luis Valladres, who was "finally" being taken care of.

As rafts started to arrive again last August, Cuban-Americans who came here in 1980 were interviewed about the newcomers. Long settled themselves, they reported a readiness to take in refugees. Typical is the story of Pedro Cuarda. Weeks after his own arrival, he had made his home in Duluth, Minnesota, with the only Cuban residing in America whom he knew. Two years later, he moved to Alaska to make more money. In 1985 he relocated to Tampa, where he took a job as a cook in a Spanish kitchen. He, his wife, and their child now live in a three-bedroom apartment. They figure on taking up to seven newly arrived Cubans into their home.

Helping new immigrants become full-fledged and productive citizens is often taken on by neighborhoods of people from the same ethnic background as the immigrants. This holds not merely for Cubans; it is evident in Koreatown in Los Angeles, Chinatown in New York City, the Russian immigrant community of Brighton Beach, the Vietnamese section of Arlington, Virginia, and elsewhere throughout the country. These communities are following a long American tradition of mutual-help associations providing immigrants with everything from credit to health care.

Helper's High

THE power of such communities to carry out social missions is not limited to refugee resettlement. My favorite example is from Seattle. When cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) became available to prevent heart-attack victims from dying or suffering severe brain damage, Seattle did not add scores of ambulances and crews at huge public cost. Instead, the Red Cross, corporations, and civic associations trained about 400,000 residents in CPR. Now if you must have a heart attack, it is best that you have it in Seattle. Unless you choose to do it in an alley at 3 A.M., you are likely to be reached within seconds by a bystander trained in CPR, who will restart your heart and keep it going until an ambulance arrives.

Another example: While shopping in West Hampton, Long Island, a town that can afford to pay for government services, I was struck by the response to firehouse sirens. The young volunteers who rushed to help showed signs of what psychologists call "the helper's high." In a world awash with cynicism, these young people were clearly proud of what they were doing. They seemed to have a higher sense of meaning and self-fulfillment. Voluntarily discharging social missions carries with it this intrinsic reward.

To sustain such community endeavors, we need to prevent government from pre-empting communities. The more the government takes over providing services, the flabbier and more anemic communities become. And the flabbier and more anemic they become, the more the Victor Palmieris of the world will argue that we cannot let the communities attend to this or that social mission. The next several months in Florida will provide another demonstration project in reinventing government—doing more by doing less. □

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After the Fall

THE NEW WORLD DISORDER

The world is a better place for the fall of the Soviet empire—but not necessarily a safer place.

BRIAN CROZIER

IN THE euphoria of a triumphant moment, one is tempted to use words that will be regretted later on. I do not know whether George Bush regrets using the expression "a New World Order" in his address before a joint session of Congress on September 11, 1990. To be fair to him, he has often been misquoted as having hailed that hypothetical New World Order, whereas he was merely listing it as a legitimate objective after two summits with Mikhail Gorbachev, and just weeks after Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait.

Again to be fair, things were certainly going "our way" at the time. Even President Reagan had fallen under the spell of Gorbachev, but it was clear to him, and to his successor, that the Soviet Union was heading for collapse. Bush could legitimately congratulate himself for having skillfully built a coalition to break Saddam Hussein's hubristic expansionism, with UN approval: no mean feat. The sad fact remains, four years later, that not only is there no sign of an emerging New World Order, but there is disconcerting evidence of a new world *dis*order on a vast scale.

Only now, four years on, is it realistic to see the New World Order for what it is. The complex images are enough to make one regret the passing of the old order, with Churchill's Iron Curtain neatly dividing the goodies from the baddies. Of course the elements of the new disorder were all present in the later stages of the Cold War, but they seemed secondary to the great confrontation between the Communist world and the (relatively) free world of the democracies.

In Brezhnev's day, for instance, Soviet gangsterdom was tolerated and indeed tacitly supported by the regime, but the outside world was protected from it by the KGB's border troops and other devices. The regime was involved in the export of drugs and terrorism, but in specifically anti-Western ways that were part of the Cold War. Although Western governments joined in a conspiracy of silence, they knew what was going on and the problems were more or less containable.

Now, in both spheres but especially in that of criminal gangs, the situation is out of hand. In the old regime, the outside world was not much exercised by the fact that Brezhnev supported the Azeri mafia led by President Aliev of Azerbaijan, and the Soviet journalist Arkady Vaksberg got away with telling the story in his book published outside the Soviet Union, *The Soviet Mafia*. Now, in the disorderly post–Cold War world, the post-Soviet mafias, in alliance with the Sicilian and American mobs, the Colombian cartels, the Japanese Yakuza, and the Chinese Triads, operate with impunity across the porous borders of both Eastern and Western Europe. In so doing, they take full advantage of the increasingly unguarded frontiers of the European Community created by the Brussels bureaucrats.

The terrifying picture is painted in full detail by the experienced American journalist Claire Sterling. Her new book, *Crime without Frontiers* (Little, Brown), should be required reading in the White House, 10 Downing Street, the Elysée, et al.

And then, of course, there is terrorism, new style. There was a time, not all that long ago, when nearly all the terrorism that mattered was committed either by left-wing groups financed, directly or indirectly, by the KGB (for example, the Baader–Meinhof gang in West Germany), or by nationalist gangs such as the IRA and the Palestinian PFLP (again, with Soviet support, directly or indirectly). Carlos the Jackal, now in French custody, was trained at the Patrice Lumumba People's Friendship University (some title!) in Moscow and, contrary to KGB disinformation, remained at least partly under Soviet control for years after being "expelled" for his womanizing.

Again, at least we knew, more or less, where we stood, despite the conspiracy of silence. And now? The main source of international terrorism is no longer the semi-defunct ideology of Marxism–Leninism but the inflexible world of Islamic fundamentalism. Thirteen years ago, President Anwar Sadat of Egypt (himself of course a Muslim, and also an ex-terrorist) was assassinated by four members of the fundamentalist Muslim Brotherhood. Today, the same fundamentalists have slashed one of Egypt's main sources of foreign exchange, tourism, by indiscriminate attacks on foreign visitors.

In Algeria, the second round of elections at the end of 1991 was canceled after Islamic fundamentalists won a majority in the first round. Through 1993, political killings in Algeria escalated dramatically, and Islamist groups increasingly targeted civilian "intellectuals" and foreign nationals. In February 1989, the Indian-born British author Salman Rushdie was named as a blasphemer in a *fatwah* by the fundamentalist Ayatollah Khomeini of Iran, and has since lived under police protection somewhere in the United Kingdom. In New York, in February 1993, Islamic fundamentalists detonated a large bomb in the World Trade Center.

Since Islam is about the absolute truth of the word of God, Islamic countries are a natural breeding ground for fundamentalists who claim that they, and only they, know what God meant

Mr. Crozier, a longtime NR *contributing editor, is the author most recently of* Free Agent: The Unseen War, 1941–1991 *(HarperCollins).*

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when He dictated the Koran to his Prophet, Mohammed.

There are also, of course, fundamentalists in Christian countries, and America has had more than its share of them, from the pacifist Jehovah's Witnesses to the armed Branch Davidian cult of David Koresh. But the fact that the New Testament is, in effect, a symposium dilutes any claim that it is God's word in the Muslim sense of direct dictation, enabling the controversial but erudite British ex-politician Enoch Powell (a professor of Greek at age 25) to claim that according to his reading of the original Gospel of St. Matthew, Jesus Christ was not crucified but stoned to death.

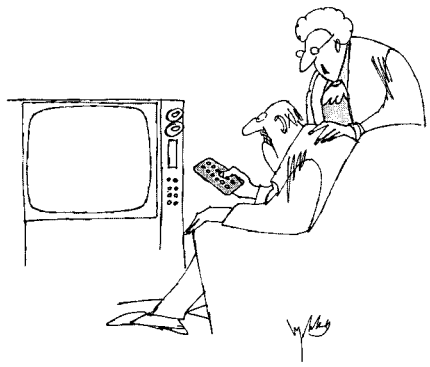
There is an unfortunate shortage of democracies in the Islamic world. The ones that more or less qualify are Turkey, Malaysia, Pakistan, and Bangladesh; to which a survey in *The Economist* the other day added Lebanon, Jordan, and even Iran (though each with heavy qualifications). If that list is accepted, it leaves 32 Islamic countries where even qualified democracy cannot be said to exist.

Thanks to the Reformation and to the "Enlightenment," the politics of the nominally Christian West are well in advance of the numerous autocracies of the Muslim world. What is undeniable is that when it comes to breeding political extremists, we are not in the same league.

The Bosnian Anomaly

WHICH brings me to one of the illustrative anomalies of the post–Cold War world: in the Bosnian conflict, the West sides with the Muslims, against the nominally Christian Bosnian Serbs and their Serbian allies under the (lately ex-Communist) Serbian leader Slobodan Milosevic. Here, of course, we enter the complicated and frustrating world of ethnic conflict. Frustrating because, in truly ethnic terms, there is nothing to distinguish a Bosnian Muslim from a Bosnian Serb of Orthodox or Catholic allegiance; or, for that matter, from a Croat. They are divided by history rather than ethnicity. The Muslims are simply descended from those who converted to Islam after the Turks invaded the region in 1386.

The same cannot be said (although it sometimes is) of the Hutus and Tutsis of Rwanda and Burundi. The Tutsis



"Harold, there's no football because it's 3 A.M. Come to bed."

are a tall, Nilotic tribe, and relative latecomers. The Hutus, who were already there when the Tutsis arrived, are shorter and more numerous. Whenever the Hutus decide on a spot of genocide, the most macabre of their techniques is to hack the legs of the Tutsis to bring them down to size.

What else do we need to look at in the World Disorder? The great Chinese (and Vietnamese) anomalies; the remaining Stalinist tyrannies in North Korea and Cuba; and the maverick regimes, such as the Libya of Colonel Muammar Qaddafi (which merges with the Islamic problem already looked at).

Deng Xiaoping's China would have affronted the revolutionary mindset of Mao Dzedong: a galloping capitalist economy under a ruling Communist Party; although Mao would certainly have approved of Deng's order to fire on the dissident students of Tiananmen Square. In neighboring Vietnam, for the umpteenth time in history, the Chinese example is being copied. Can either regime survive? I beg leave to doubt it. The North Korean situation is different: a long-reigning tyrant dies and is succeeded by his no less ruthless but politically lightweight son. Again, a recipe for instability, but of another kind. From Ethiopia, the Moscow-trained oppressor Mengistu has fled. In Cuba, the aging tyrant, Fidel Castro, idol of the demo-youth of the late Sixties, clings on, economically weakened but politically strengthened by the long-standing U.S. trade embargo, which punishes the citizens for the sins of the tyrant. The end is quite possibly nigh.

Far more worrying to this observer is the revival of Communist parties in power, or their continuation under different guises. In Russia, former center of the Communist world, the Communists are not ashamed to use that word: there are fifteen-odd CPs, of which, say, five have to be taken seriously. Elsewhere in the former Soviet Union, ruling parties have simply changed their names and stayed on. One such place is Kazakhstan (where there is no shortage of nuclear weapons). Mongolia, on the outer fringe of China, has renounced Communism under its new constitution, but the renamed Communist party (now the Mongolian People's Revolutionary Party) is firmly in power.

In Eastern Europe, the old parties offered themselves a wide range of innocuous names in which the terms "Democratic," "Socialists," "Labor," and "Front" predominate. In Rumania, they demonstrated their newly claimed purity by summarily executing their durable tyrant Nicolae Ceausescu and his wife. My old friend Ion Ratiu, self-made millionaire leader of the World Union of Free Rumanians, went home to lead an opposition Liberal Party and imported a printing press. So the ruling National Salvation Front of Ion Iliescu, a former Ceausescu henchman, cut off his power supply. Later, Ratiu's home and its contents were burned to ashes.

In Lithuania, the old boys have come back, as indeed they have in Poland and, most recently, in Hungary. The full significance of these resuscitations remains unclear. (How lucky East Germany was, to have a rich big brother at hand to take over!) Are they back because only they knew how to run a government and the anti-Communists temporarily in power didn't, and so the voters opted for the devil they knew? Have they really, genuinely dropped Marxism–Leninism for good, and if so have they dropped the whole mixture or only the economic bits? How many of them, consciously or not, simply feel that they, and they alone, have what the Webbs, in their giant fellow-traveling masterwork of the 1930s, *Communism: A New Civilization*, called "the vocation of leadership"? I wish I knew the answers.

Until we all know the answer, I fear that skepticism is justified in such starry-eyed concepts as "Partnership for Peace"; as indeed, in the matter of admitting the supposedly post-Communist countries of Eastern Europe to membership in the European Union.

It is a pity that at this crucial time of reconstruction following the collapse of

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the Soviet empire, the only remaining superpower is headed by a weak and indecisive President who (understandably) is more interested in internal than international affairs, and more concerned with poll ratings than with intrinsic realities in such matters as whether or not to intervene militarily in places like Somalia, Bosnia, and Haiti, let alone Rwanda. Now, though, Bill Clinton is humbled by the sweeping Republican victory, and the no-nonsense Jesse Helms is chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Thugs and Drugs

IN this post–Cold War world, gangsterdom has taken over from the Soviet nuclear and other forces as the main threat to international security. There is perhaps some consolatory logic in this situation: in their callous disregard for human rights and their exploitation of privileges for the *nomenklaturas*, the Communist regimes in the USSR and Eastern Europe were criminal conspiracies. Now, via privatization, their power to corrupt themselves and contaminate other countries has been transferred to the new evil empire of the internationally linked mafias. Not the least concern, in this deplorable situation, is that the other nuclear superpower of the Cold War years—rightly feared but visibly and centrally controlled—has yielded to gangs reportedly with access to some 130 tons of weapons-grade plutonium. That Colombian air traveler spotted by watchful German customs officers when his plane from Moscow landed at Munich airport may have made history.

How much plutonium is actually on the move in Europe's free market? The figure of 150 kilos, or enough to make about 50 bombs of Hiroshima potency, is being bandied about. Rightly? Who knows?

Nor, of course, is nuclear smuggling the only menace from the gangs. As America knows better than any other country, gangs of drug runners not only create a climate of urban fear, but also corrupt ever-growing sectors of society. At stake is not just the survival of democratic systems, but, more fundamentally, the well-being of the societies represented by those systems, in which more criminals, more broken homes, more doped no-hopers are being bred.

These are the real strategic priorities in dealing with the New World Disorder. NATO needs to be renegotiated, redefined, and enlarged. The military machine, built under the Soviet threat, should be kept—if only because it could not be rebuilt—now that the threat has gone, or at any rate receded. The UN-sponsored 136-nation conference in Naples on organized crime is a step in the right direction, but the UN is the wrong vehicle. A major police function should be added to NATO. Interpol and NATO should be merged; or at a minimum, a substantial Interpol presence should be positioned at NATO headquarters in Brussels.

Something drastic should be done to guard European frontiers, not against non-existent invading armies but against drug smugglers, car thieves, and sundry racketeers.

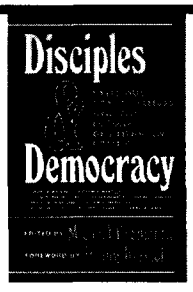
A European equivalent of the American Drug Enforcement Agency should be set up, again with liaison to NATO. As recently as 1992, the old taboo about mentioning Soviet (by then, Russian) involvement in drug running was still being observed: see the State Department's International Narcotics Control Strategy Report for that year. (Incidentally, the term "narcotic" is surely a regrettable solecism if it includes cocaine, a hyper-stimulant, as well as the calming family of opium derivatives.)

DISCIPLES and DEMOCRACY

Religious Conservatives and the Future of American Politics

Edited by **MICHAEL CROMARTIE**

Foreword by **IRVING KRISTOL**



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Compared to the world mafia alliance, international terrorism is far smaller in scale, but attracts far more attention. Attracting attention is indeed one of its main purposes, whereas gangs prefer to operate in secrecy. With the collapse of the Soviet Union, the other protective Western taboo, on any mention of Soviet involvement in international terrorism, has lapsed, and in any case Islamic fundamentalism now appears to be the main problem. It is an intractable one, which cannot be solved without the active participation of Muslim governments. This is where patient, old-fashioned diplomacy comes into its own. France deserves thanks for the splendid work of Interior Minister Charles Pasqua in persuading the Sudanese government to hand over Carlos the Jackal, *né* Ilich Ramírez Sánchez. Carlos was no fundamentalist, but he had been protected by a near-fundamentalist government.

The real challenge will be to persuade Muslim states not only to unite in condemning the terrorists in their midst, but also to cooperate in eliminating them.

And the United Nations? I have said what I think about the obsolescence of that absurd body often enough in these pages (cf. February 1, 1993), so I shall refrain from proposing alternatives. Two points, however. One is that, if the UN is to survive and be useful, it is high time that Germany and Japan are made members of the Security Council. The other is that the UN should *never* be expected to separate combatants in a civil conflict, even though Article 2 (7) of the UN Charter can be invoked to justify it. But it doesn't work, as Somalia and Rwanda have shown. Any separating should be entrusted to the rejigged NATO. Once the tough work has been done, a peacekeeping role could possibly be given to the UN.

Finally, we need a few statesmen, as distinct from opportunist politicians. On this major point, alas, I have no solution to offer. □

"It's ironic, though—being naughty feels nice."

Congress's First Priority

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS

The Constitution says Congress makes the laws. Tell that to the federal bureaucrats.

PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS

REPUBLICANS have had one of the greatest party victories in history, but it remains to be seen if it will translate into a victory for the American people. Judging from their post-election statements, GOP congressmen don't yet have a handle on what the voters want from them. When congressmen say government is out of control, they mean the budget, but when Americans say government is out of control, they don't mean only, or even primarily, the budget.

Americans see government as out of control because law is routinely made by activist Executive Branch officials, agency bureaucrats, and federal judges who are unaccountable to the people. This is a usurpation of the people's right to make the law through their elected representatives in Congress. If Republican congressmen intend to address the electorate's real concerns and to build a lasting majority constituency, they must reassert the people's right to rule themselves.

Bipartisan Usurpation

THE theft of the people's power has been under way for decades and has been a feature of Republican as well as Democratic Administrations. The Democratic Congresses that until now have controlled postwar Washington permitted Executive Branch officials and the judiciary to usurp their power because the Democrats favored the results but did not want the responsibility for legislating them.

Republican Presidents could not hold their own Cabinets accountable, even if so inclined, because the real power over executive agencies is wielded by the congressional committees and subcommittees that control their budgets and oversee them. Any Republican presidential appointee who had a serious public disagreement with congressional Democrats risked having a special prosecutor sicked on him. The cases of Raymond J. Donovan at the Labor Department, James M. Beggs at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and Edwin Meese and Theodore Olson at the Justice Department, among many others familiar to conservatives, drove this point home. Since Republican Presidents have been unable to protect Republican policy officials, few have been willing to take on the powerful interests that could destroy them.

Consequently, the usurped legislative power is now entrenched in the bureaucracy and the judiciary, and it is transforming Americans from citizens into subjects. Citizens control law through their representatives; subjects bear the brunt of decrees handed down from on high.

Increasingly, these decrees are created out of thin air by regulators.

Mr. Roberts is a John M. Olin fellow at the Institute for Political Economy.

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Many Americans have experienced regulatory takings of their property, and some have been prosecuted and imprisoned, on the basis of wetlands regulations that have no statutory basis (see page 32). It is hard to believe, but true, that Americans are being imprisoned for offenses that are not on the statute books. The practice has been going on for so long that regulators have acquired squatters' rights over the power to make the law. Recently President Clinton and Senators Max Baucus (D., Mont.) and John Chafee (R., R.I.) implicitly acknowledged that there was no statutory basis for the extensive wetlands regulations when they called for legislation that would codify and thereby legalize the EPA's and Army Corps of Engineers' illegal prosecutions of law-abiding citizens.

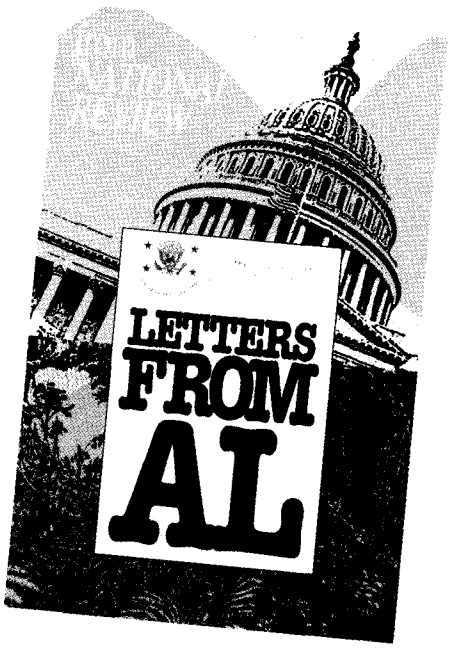
The regulators themselves acknowledge that the laws they are enforcing are a product of their own imagination. Wetlands regulator Robert J. Pierce, who resigned, apparently in disgust over his agency's usurpations, told Congress on November 12, 1991, that "for regulatory purposes, a wetland is whatever we decide it is. The type of natural systems that have been defined as wetlands has changed virtually every year for the last decade."

This is gross lawlessness. In other cases of Excecutive Branch overreach, Congress has delegated authority to the agencies to draw up regulations that enforce statutes. But these regulations take on an interpretative dimension that distorts and even completely subverts the statutory intention. Perhaps the most famous example is the subversion of the 1964 Civil Rights Act by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, which established a regime of racial quotas despite the act's clear prohibition of any such quotas.

Republicans need to understand that angry Americans overthrew the Democratic Congress because it systematically failed to stand up for their right to live under an accountable government. To reclaim the law for the people, this Republican Congress needs to do two things. It needs to devote less energy to passing new laws and more to reining in the bureaucratic and judicial perversions of the laws already on the books. This is a big job of house cleaning. Because of Congress's over-

(Continues on page 67)

The Only Possible Reason for "Four More Years"



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THE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON

November 26, 1994

Dear Rusty,

It was terrific to see you last week! Sarah, Kristin, and Little Al loved the slides of the Orinoco Rain Forest. Little Al especially liked the blueish spider in a jar you brought him, though we all had a good scare when the thing got out somehow. It wasn't until one of the Secret Service guys swelled up like the Michelin Man and collapsed that we found it hiding in his trouser leg. Oh well.

Thanksgiving at our house was tense, to say the least. Mom and Dad flew up Wednesday. Tipper picked them up at National and then headed to Union Station to pick up Karenna and her boyfriend, Geoffrey, who has a job lined up for next year at Heritage. So right off there's a problem with Dad.

Then, just as I'm dashing out of the office to see the last half of Sarah's soccer game, HRC drops by. "Drops" is probably the wrong word; "glided and rustled" is more descriptive. Ever since the election, HRC has taken to wearing big, hoopy dresses with lots of lace and frills, and she talks in a breathy whisper. It's kind of creepy. Kristin calls her "Miss Havisham Rodham Clinton."

"Knock knock!" she cried out cheerily.

"Hi, Hillary."

"Oh, call me Puff. That's what the gang called me back at Wellesley."

"Okay, Puff."

She produced a large basket from somewhere near her bustle. "Just a little scrumptious something for your table this holiday. Some homemade jams and cranberry-lemon relish, and a little Virginia ham. Gotta run! Happy Turkey Day!"

That night, Mom, Dad, Tipper, and I had a quiet moment together in the living room. The fire was roaring, and I was nursing my Diet Snapple.

"Are you relaxed, honey?" Tipper asked. I nodded.

"Sure, son?" Dad asked. I nodded again.

"We've brought in somebody to talk to you," Dad said, waving his highball in the air. "Come on in, Stan," he called out.

Stan Greenberg walked in from the kitchen with an easel and charts. He cleared his throat, set up the easel, and put up a chart. "As you can see, over 60 per cent of Americans have a negative or non-positive response to the question 'Should Bill Clinton and Al Gore be re-elected in 1996?'—"

I turned to Dad. "You brought him all the way over here to tell me that?"

"Let the man finish, son," Dad said.

"—but as this next chart shows, when the question is narrowed a bit, to, say, what their reactions are to re-inventing government—" Stan flipped to a new chart "—or, say, to a Kerrey–Gore, Gore–Kerrey, Gore–Powell, Powell–Gore, Gore–Perot—"

"Okay! Stop it!" I shouted. "I know where this is going and the answer is no. Understand? No!"

"Show Al the videotapes of the focus groups," Mom said to Stan.

"Focus groups?" I asked. "Polling data, focus groups, multi-question responses . . . this is all pretty expensive stuff, Stan. Who's footing the bill?"

"Well, son," Dad began, "what with the election results a few weeks ago . . ."

"It's for your anniversary, honey," Mom said. "It's something your father and I wanted to do."

"Hell, that bastard Dick Armey's going to means-test my Social Security, so I may as well spend it now, huh?" Dad said.

"Should I go on, sir?" Stan Greenberg asked. "I have a few computer models to show you."

"Thanks, Stan, but no. My future and Bill Clinton's future are inextricably linked."

Mom and Tipper started to sob quietly. Dad made himself another highball. I walked Stan to the door.

"You know, Mr. Vice President, they're only trying to help," Stan said.

"I know, Stan. But I'm a big boy now. I got through Vietnam. I'll get through the Clinton Administration."

"Can I just leave you this summary handout? It covers all the major points of my presentation in a uniquely shreddable format." He looked so hopeful that I couldn't disappoint him.

"Okay, Stan, you can leave the handout."

"Thanks, Mr. Vice President," Stan smiled.

"And, what the hey, you may as well leave the computer models."

He beamed. "And the overlays showing your positive profile in Florida, Illinois, and California?"

"And California?" I asked. "Okay, leave that too. You know what? Leave the videotapes too."

I walked back in the house carrying all that stuff. Tipper stopped sobbing.

"I'm just saying that I'm going to read it, that's all," I said.

"That's all we ask, sweetie," Mom said.

Your pal, Al

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How Democracy Perishes

HILTON KRAMER

FORTY-FOUR years after the death of George Orwell we find ourselves immured in an Orwellian culture, where language has become an instrument of political coercion and institutions created for intellectual enlightenment have been turned into bureaucracies of untruth. Having vanquished what Robert Conquest accurately described as "the biggest concentration of brute power the world has ever seen: a tremendous armament, a huge bureaucracy, an enormous police machine, a vast propaganda apparatus"—in other words, Soviet Communism—we are surrendering at home to mendacities even more insidious, because imposed from within, in their power to corrupt democracy.

The names we have conferred upon this rapidly accelerating threat to our democratic order—"political correctness," "multiculturalism," "diversity," and the rest—do not really describe the nature of the assault. For these names have themselves evolved into Orwellian euphemisms, which lie about goals that dare not disclose their true character.

Dictatorship of Virtue: Multiculturalism and the Battle for America's Future, by Richard Bernstein (Knopf, 367 pp., $25)

Everyone—both the partisans of those goals and their adversaries—now understands that "political correctness," long shorn of its irony, has come to signify systematic falsehood; that "multiculturalism" stands for the monocultural imperatives of minority political interest groups; that "diversity" means enforced conformity. Yet the publisher of the *New York Times* now regularly issues a "diversity newsletter" instructing his employees in the goals to be met in what he describes as "a new way of thinking about people," and the State of New York mandates a "multicultural" curriculum to be taught in public schools where almost no other standard—not even that of basic literacy—is strictly enforced.

The term "political correctness" has, as a linguistic invention, been ridiculed for its dishonesty, and has therefore been widely denied even in those quarters where its commands continue to be ruthlessly imposed as public policy. It would clarify the discussion significantly if we were able to call this socio-political-cultural movement by its right name. In a recent issue of *Partisan Review*, Steven Marcus, the dean of Columbia College, brought us closer to the reality of "political correctness" by labeling it "soft totalitarianism." Paul Johnson, the English journalist and historian, has performed a similar service in labeling it "liberal fascism." Yet because we remain essentially defensive and even at times apologetic in our criticism of this anti-democratic plague, such terms have proved to be too confrontational to be generally adopted even for polemical purposes.

Roman Genn

Thus, the battle continues to be fought, for the most part, on the enemy's terms, lest the critics of multiculturalism and its allied poisons find themselves stigmatized in the liberal press, in the councils of government, and in the business world—never mind the world of popular culture—as racists, sexists, homophobes, and other species of scoundrels.

Into the discussion of this disastrous development in our democracy there have lately entered a number of dissenting liberal voices. While they have been late in arriving at the barricades—and often bring with them the kind of liberal baggage that muddles the arguments and obscures the degree to which liberal orthodoxy is itself a major contributor to the disaster they now wish to address—they are nonetheless indicative of the crisis that has lately overtaken liberalism as a result of the multiculturalist assault.

The best of these works of liberal dissent, in my view, is Richard Bernstein's *Dictatorship of Virtue*. This is a book that is important, above all, for its excellent journalistic account of the lives—the lives of conventional liberals, for the most part—that have been irreversibly damaged by the illiberal doctrines that have come to be enforced in the name of a new liberal orthodoxy. The book is not an exercise in political theory, and still less is it a conservative polemic. It is social reportage of a high order—reportage born of moral conscience in the face of grave injustice. It thus represents the kind of old-fashioned liberal journalism that has been earmarked for destruction by the new "soft totalitarianism."

Because the principal strength of *Dictatorship of Virtue* is to be found in the many compelling stories it recounts, let me focus here on what is for me the most poignant of the personal histories that Mr. Bernstein has uncovered in his harrowing travels through our new multiculturalist America. It is the story of a white male heterosexual college student and what he was made to suffer at the hands of the multiculturalist bureaucracy at one of our elite universities.

"You wouldn't call Timothy Gregory a conservative," writes Mr. Bernstein, "certainly not a conservative ideologue. He is a medical student at the State University of New York who graduated from Cornell University in 1992, a practicing Catholic from a working-

Mr. Kramer is the editor of The New Criterion.

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class family in Erie, Pennsylvania, whose basic political position is infused with notions of tolerance and openness. He espouses support for gay rights; he believes in equal opportunity for all, regardless of race, creed, sex, or national origin. He is not a member of the WASP establishment. No silver spoon was in his mouth at birth. He is a dark-haired young man of medium height, modest in demeanor, polite, respectful of authority, a kind of average guy in many ways."

Coming from a family of five children, Tim Gregory needed to make some money to help meet expenses at Cornell, and so he applied for a job as a resident advisor (RA) in an undergraduate dormitory. He was accepted, and then, as Mr. Bernstein writes, "in August 1990, went to Ithaca for a nine-day session of training, repeating more or less the same procedure the following year when he got the RA job a second time." In these training sessions, Gregory was introduced to the multiculturalist facts of life.

There were seminars on sexual harassment, attitudes toward homosexuality, alcohol and drug abuse, and multiculturalism itself. "Tim was somewhat surprised," Mr. Bernstein writes, "when he found himself quickly labeled . . . simply and bluntly as a 'privileged person.' The others occupied various rungs on the ladder of the 'oppressed,' meaning gays and lesbians, the physically handicapped, all women, and all members of racial minorities."

It did not matter that, as Mr. Bernstein writes, "there were black kids at Cornell who came from families far wealthier than his, who went to exclusive prep schools whose interior he had never seen." But it was not permitted to question or discuss the facile classifications of "oppression" that provided the underlying ideology of the RA training program. "In fact, on the sensitive subjects," writes Mr. Bernstein, "opinions different from those of the trainers were not tolerated. Resident-life training at Cornell, like so much of multiculturalism in practice, proclaims the richness of difference when difference is a matter of race, sex, and sexual preference, but suppresses differences of opinion."

But Tim Gregory needed the job, and so he generally kept his mouth shut. Or tried to, anyway. "Once during the 'Issues of Oppression' workshop," writes Mr. Bernstein, "a fellow trainee (she happened to be black) asserted . . . that white men have life handed to them on a 'silver platter.'" This proved to be too much for Tim, and he imprudently responded to it. "He did not mean to downplay the disadvantages of people of color, he said, but he came from a rural part of Pennsylvania where many white people lived lives of dire poverty, so it did not seem to him that all whites automatically have lives of great privilege and ease."

For this infraction of the rules, he was branded a racist by the other RAs, and later the same day he was required to attend a session at which he was obliged to explain "his offensive comment." At this session, moreover, the officials in charge of the New York City St. Patrick's Day Parade were denounced as "just a bunch of drunken Irish" for excluding militant gays from the parade. Tim Gregory is, of course, of Irish descent.

It got worse. "On the first Sunday of the training program Tim told his group leaders that he wanted to go to Mass," Mr. Bernstein writes. But that wasn't allowed. This is now Tim Gregory speaking: "That day was gay day, and they brought in members of ZAP, which is the gay, lesbian, and bisexual group . . . they showed us explicit sex movies, first one of lesbians and then one about gay men. The gay movie was really triple X." Thus, instead of going to church, Tim Gregory was compelled, as he said, "to watch a movie that is against my religion."

There are a lot of other terrible stories recounted in *Dictatorship of Virtue*—stories about what one newspaper editor in Brookline, Massachusetts, describes in the book as "character assassination and intellectual terrorism" that reflect a remorseless indifference to, if not contempt for, "the heritage of free thought and free speech which lie at the center of this community and this country"—and they should all be read with care.

The book opens with a grim account of what happened at the *Philadelphia Inquirer* when, in 1990, the paper published an editorial entitled, "Poverty and Norplant: Can Contraception Reduce the Underclass?" Amidst charges of racism, "diversity-training" sessions were immediately ordered for the entire staff, and blacks on the editorial board were given a veto over future editorials. The chronicle of horrors ends with the tale of Professor Alan Gribben's departure from the University of Texas in 1991 after he had been turned into a pariah for opposing the politicization of the teaching of English composition for freshmen. The Brookline saga is about a fight that parents waged over how European history was taught to their children in the local school.

Quite as important, however, is the story of the fate suffered by Mr. Bernstein's book since its publication earlier this fall. Mr. Bernstein is, of course, a highly respected reporter for the *New York Times*. He was formerly that newspaper's Paris bureau chief, and before that he served as *Time* magazine's first bureau chief in Peking. His previous books are studies of China and France. It therefore speaks volumes about the degree to which the *New York Times* itself has been made hostage to the new multiculturalist orthodoxy that none of the stories Mr. Bernstein recounts in *Dictatorship of Virtue* could be published in the paper in the way Mr. Bernstein has told them in this book. For the *New York Times* is now following precisely the kind of "diversity" brain-washing program that Mr. Bernstein describes in such vivid detail.

It was no doubt for this reason that *New York Times* editors arranged for two hard-nosed attacks on the book to be published in the paper's own pages, one in the Sunday *Book Review* and the other in the daily *Times*. This is, I believe, unprecedented in the history of the *New York Times*. But then, so is the "diversity" program itself, which has reshaped the way the *New York Times* now reports the news on a great many matters having to do with race, crime, sex, education, and social policy. Thus the author of *Dictatorship of Virtue* finds himself, in the aftermath of the book's publication, to be another of his own case histories. Perhaps he will now write a sequel focusing on his personal experience as a casualty of the cultural revolution he has recounted so brilliantly. □

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Foretelling *The Bell Curve*

DANIEL SELIGMAN

I + E = M. The formula tells us that intelligence plus effort equals merit, and, early in the twenty-first century, it is the guiding principle of British society. Or at least that was the conceit of Michael Young back in the 1950s, when he was writing this utopian (or is it dystopian? Young himself seems unsure) fantasy about a future world in which people are systematically sorted into the jobs best suited for them, and IQ tests are the principal sorting mechanism. Does that perchance sound familiar?

The book, recently re-released by Transaction, was initially published in 1957, sold hundreds of thousands of copies in a Penguin edition, then slowly became forgotten except for a cult following on the better British campuses, whose denizens for obvious reasons savored the whole idea of "meritocracy," a term invented by Young. (In 1978 he was named a life peer and became Baron Young of Dartington—a neat meritocratic touch.) This new edition comes along at the same time as *The Bell Curve*, a coincidence Lord Young might plausibly regard as good news and bad news. The good news is that his vision of the future has been resoundingly confirmed by the recent data. His IQ-driven meritocracy is Richard Herrnstein and Charles Murray's "cognitive elite," and while numerous details set the two books apart (in the real world, we are not carrying around government-issued cards with our IQs on them), it is impossible to down the thought that Young was eerily prescient back in the 1950s. But that is also the bad news. For American readers, at least, what would earlier have read as a wickedly provocative speculation about the future now looks a lot like mere reality.

The Rise of the Meritocracy, by Michael Young (Transaction, 180 pp., $18.95)

To be sure, some parts of Michael Young's vision have yet to be tested. His readers confront a manuscript said to have been written in 2034 at a time of social upheaval. The manuscript's author, as we gradually get to know him, seems a somewhat pedantic scholar describing how the meritocracy came into being and, especially toward the end of his account, also describing the new kinds of tensions generated in a world where privilege is "earned," not inherited.

Writing not long after World War II, Young could see the crumbling of the old order, with unremitting assaults by the Labour Party increasingly delegitimizing the idea of advancement based on hereditary entitlements. Looking ahead into the next couple of decades, Young shrewdly anticipated that the two political parties would switch sides on the meritocracy. The Tories would find that beneficiaries of the new merit system were among their strongest supporters. Labour would find that the system did little to promote equality and indeed seemed to create new class divisions. A thought I kept looking for but not finding in the book was that IQ-based advancement would disproportionately benefit the rich, who on average are smarter than the poor: both social class and family income correlate strongly and positively with test scores. Which means that even when you eliminate the injustices preventing poor children from rising to the top and allowing upper-class twits to rise far beyond their capabilities, you still find that the uppers do better than the lowers in making their way in the world. But even without getting into all this, Mr. Young correctly sensed that Labour's egalitarian impulses would leave it uncomfortable in a meritocratic world.

Peering further out into the future, he senses the possibility of widespread dissatisfaction with—and, ultimately, some kind of violent revolt against—the society he has imagined. For many low-IQ workers, it is easy enough to specify the basis of the unhappiness. Young asks: "Are they not bound to recognize that they have an inferior status—not, as in the past, because they were denied opportunity; but because they *are* inferior? For the first

Mr. Seligman is the author of A Question of Intelligence *(Citadel).*

THE QUOTABLE

PAUL JOHNSON

A Topical Compilation of His Wit, Wisdom and Satire

"This book will sit perfectly alongside *Modern Times*."
—from the introduction by William F. Buckley, Jr.

"Every American should be encouraged to read this book. Every American college professor should be required to read it. And every American politician should be forced to do so, at gunpoint if necessary."
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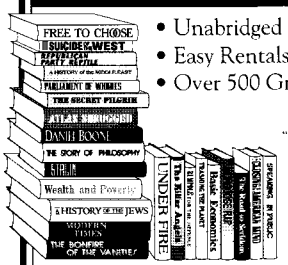

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time in human history, the inferior man has no ready buttress for his self-regard." Tough to take, eh?

But Young posits that the IQ losers will not be the only group unhappy with life in the meritocracy. He suggests that the whole idea of rank-ordering every individual by intelligence would come to seem offensive, and he describes a popular manifesto that calls for a new kind of classless society in which "every human being would . . . have equal opportunity, not to rise up in the world in the light of any mathematical measure, but to develop his own special capacities for leading a rich life."

Is that hollow rhetoric or a statement Lord Young wants his readers to embrace? He never really commits himself either way, but he plainly means for you to believe that people talking this way are going to make a lot of waves in the years ahead. Here again, he seems to agree with Richard Herrnstein and Charles Murray, who conclude *The Bell Curve* with a chapter called "A Place for Everyone," in which they put forward some modest proposals for helping the not-very-smart to find "valued places" in life. Both books leave you utterly persuaded that finding them is important, and won't be easy. □

Holy Lands

J. B. KELLY

IT WAS ONLY when I was halfway through reading Mordecai Richler's book that I began to understand why I was so uncomfortable with it: why its structure is all over the place, why its constituent parts hang so awkwardly together, and why the whole seems pervaded by an air of maudlin introspection. It is because in large measure it is an expiatory work, an exercise in self-justification. Mr. Richler has made two visits to Israel, the first in 1962, the second thirty years later, and he has been stung on both occasions by the contempt expressed by many of the Israelis he encountered for the Jews of the Diaspora, especially those of North America, for not having made *aliyah* (literally "going up," i.e., migration) to Israel. Still smarting from the hurt, he has set out to demonstrate that one can be a good Jew, like himself, even though living outside Israel, as well as a stout upholder of Zionist ideals.

This Year in Jerusalem, by Mordecai Richler (Knopf, 293 pp., $23)

Mecca: A Literary History of the Muslim Holy Land, by F. E. Peters (Princeton, 504 pp., $29.95)

He begins his *apologia pro vita sua* with a lengthy reminiscence of his boyhood in Montreal during and after the Second World War, an account heavily embroidered with tales of his companions in Habonim (the socialist, Zionist youth organization), his difficulties with his Hasidic grandfather, his family's devout observance of Jewish rituals and festivals, and his own keen delight in stories from Yiddish folklore. Since these are matters it is difficult for an outsider to comment upon—being, as it were, *de la famille*—I will pass them by and confine my remarks to topics I am more familiar with.

Mr. Richler's adolescent imagination and emotions were fired in those far-off days by the campaign of resistance and terrorism waged by the Irgun Zvai Leumi, the underground organization led by Menachem Begin, against the British administration in Palestine. Two of the Irgun's exploits particularly thrilled him: the kidnapping and killing of two British sergeants as a reprisal for the execution of two Irgun terrorists, and the kidnapping and flogging of a British officer and two of his men in retaliation for the flogging of convicted Irgun prisoners. It is evident from the way Mr. Richler writes that he has not put such juvenile sentiments behind him. Nor has he seen fit to redress the balance in any way, as mature reflection might have dictated, by giving other instances of the Irgun's handiwork, such as the blowing up of the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, British military headquarters, in which a number of innocent civilians perished.

What Mr. Richler fails to appreciate is that it was not by the efforts of the Irgun alone, or even through the more disciplined operations of Haganah, the Jewish Defense Force, that Israel was brought into being in 1948. The original opportunity to create a Jewish state was provided by Britain's conquest of Palestine from the Turks in 1914–18, and by the Balfour Declaration of 1917. Neither of these facts is referred to by Mr. Richler, even *en passant*. Instead he tends to write the British off as just a bunch of anti-Semites (Winston Churchill?), and to give whatever outside credit is due to the United States alone. Similarly, he views the problem of Jerusalem and the Holy Places exclusively in terms of entrenched Jewish and Muslim interests. Christianity doesn't get a look in: in fact, the only Christians who appear in his pages are an unappetizing group of American fundamentalists. So much for Rome and Byzantium.

By far the best sections of Mr. Richler's book are those describing his visits to Israel, especially his second trip, in 1992. Here his skills as a novelist serve him well. He has an acute ear for the false note in conversations, a sharp eye for the telling details in a person or a place, and a dry, sometimes acerbic, wit. One sympathizes with his irritation at the air of moral superiority assumed by many Israelis toward Jews who have not made *aliyah* but simply visit Israel at intervals. Yet, since the foundation of the state, he notes pointedly, half a million Israelis have emigrated, mostly to North America, and twenty thousand more are still leaving every year. He has little time for the *haredim*, the ultra-Orthodox Jews, whose influence in Israel's public life he finds not only distasteful but also disquieting. Since he himself accepts, even though reluctantly, the inevitability of some form of Palestinian-Arab autonomy, he fears what the *haredim*'s apocalyptic obsession with Eretz Israel may one day bring down upon the land and its people. He has a point.

ANOTHER holy land, that of Islam, is the subject of F. E. Peters's *Mecca*, which relates the history of Mecca, Medina, and the Hijaz from pre-Muhammadan times to the third decade of this century, when the *haramain*, the holy places, fell under the sway of the Saudis of Najd. There are, as Mr. Peters explains, two major obstacles to writing with relative

Mr. Kelly is a historian of Middle Eastern diplomacy.

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assurance about Mecca and Medina, especially as they were in ancient times and in the early centuries of the Muslim era. One is that because successive rulers of the Hijaz have forbidden any kind of archaeological excavation in the region, the historian is wholly reliant upon literary sources. So for the pre-Muslim period, the *jahiliyah* or "time of ignorance," as well as for the medieval period, Mr. Peters has had to confine himself to the works of Muslim (mostly Arab) historians, jurists, and assorted savants.

The second obstacle is that non-Muslims are, and always have been, forbidden entry to the *haramain*. However, from the sixteenth century onward, beginning in 1503, when a Bolognese, Ludovico di Varthema, slipped into Mecca under an assumed identity, we have had a number of descriptions of the holy city, and even of the inner precinct, from intrepid or foolhardy Europeans who have survived to tell their tales. By quoting lengthy extracts from their writings, and stringing them together with a connecting narrative, Mr. Peters, a professor of Near Eastern languages and history at NYU, has constructed an entertaining and highly informative record of the vicissitudes of Mecca and Medina throughout the ages.

Of the many colorful characters who people the pages of his book, my favorite is a Portuguese, Gregorio da Quadra, who was taken prisoner at Aden in 1513 during the unsuccessful campaign by the great captain Afonso de Albuquerque to turn the Red Sea into a Portuguese lake. Released eventually from captivity, da Quadra made his way northward to Mecca, where he hoped to join the annual pilgrimage caravan from Damascus on its homeward journey. From Damascus he planned to cross the Syrian desert to Basra, and there take a ship for the Portuguese stronghold of Hormuz. He succeeded in his plan, despite an almost inconceivable act of folly at Medina, where the Damascus caravan halted *en route* from Mecca. Da Quadra joined the pilgrims at the tomb of the Prophet, where, as he later recounted, he was suddenly recalled to his duty as a Christian and gave vent, before all present, to a thunderous imprecation: "Prophet of Satan, if thou art that one whom these dogs adore, manifest to them that I am a Christian, for I hope, by Our Lord's mercy, that I shall yet behold this house of abomination turned into a church for His praise, like Our Lady of the Conception at Lisbon." They don't make Christians like that any more. □

Tree of Lives

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

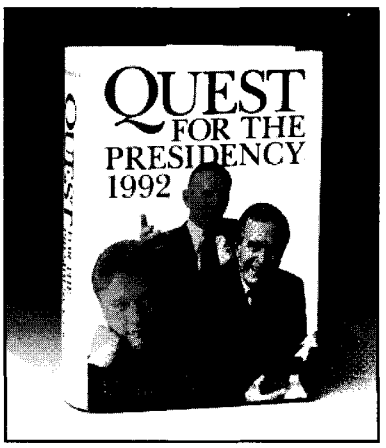
RESEARCHING your family tree can be a more melancholy exercise than you might think. If your ancestors turn out to be considerably worse than you, that's depressing; or if they turn out to be better, it can be a kind of rebuke. Around the same time I was reading Ian Frazier's gently sad history of his family, I was also reading an H. P. Lovecraft story, "Shadow over Innsmouth," about an

Family, by Ian Frazier (Farrar, Straus, 386 pp., $23)

Ohio WASP who discovers he's descended from evil, fish-headed monster people from outer space. As Mr. Frazier, another Ohio WASP, implicitly and humbly acknowledges, his experience falls more toward the opposite end of the spectrum.

Though raised in Ohio, Mr. Frazier left for Harvard and now lives in New York City, where he writes for *The New Yorker*. In his present social class, there is a tendency to view Ohioans and other Midwesterners as if they were from outer space. Someday a historian will figure out when our white urban elite began to fear and despise anyone who was white but not urban nor, in their view, elite. James Gardner, *NR*'s art critic, estimates the change happened after World War II, and offers as one of many historical markers some famous pictures the photographer Robert Frank took in the late Forties and early Fifties: photos of Middle Americans shot in such a way as to make the subjects look as stupid and ugly as possible. A typical image

Mr. Klinghoffer is NR*'s literary editor.*



QUEST FOR THE PRESIDENCY 1992

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shows a little boy standing next to a huge American flag, wearing dungarees and a moronic expression.

Yet Mr. Frazier, who grew up with people like that boy, escaped the disease endemic to his class. He has now written two books asserting the charm, even the nobility, of his fellow Midwesterners, past and present, but mostly past. *Great Plains*, published in 1989, was a wonderful account of his travels in the Old West: Kansas, Nebraska, Montana, Oklahoma. No one who reads his new book will doubt his affection for the eastern part of the Midwest, or his pride in the modest part his family played in the life of the region.

Family narrates the history of the Frazier family as it has connected over two hundred years with the Hursh, Wickham, Bachman, and Chapman families, of Ohio and Indiana, to produce a line of genealogical descent leading to the birth of Mr. Frazier (1951) and his four siblings. It's odd today to find somebody writing about his family who isn't the spouse or child of a celebrity, who wasn't abused in any way—who, in fact, loved his parents and says of the death of his younger brother at 17 that it was "the worst thing that ever happened to me."

Mr. Frazier's parents are dead now, too, but they remain very much alive in his mind. He finds himself at one point standing by the edge of an Ohio pond. A flock of geese flies overhead, "dark against the sky, then dim against the trees. When they were over the pond, all the geese stopped beating their wings at exactly the same moment and began to glide. My heart jumped; everyday thoughts fell away and I felt the full weight of how much I loved my mother."

There is a touching familial piety here that makes the beauty of the writing all the more admirable. (The author notes in passing that he writes on a manual typewriter: it shows in a clear, economical prose which, I'm convinced, is connected with the physical effort it takes to strike the keys, and which word processors discourage.) Frazier respects even some long-dead relatives whom today you would expect to be dismissed as embarrassments if not downright villains: a Newport, Rhode Island, merchant with ties to the slave trade, and various Protestants so serious about their practice of Christianity that they refused to travel or read secular literature on Sunday, and among whom a typical diary entry reads, "Arose early this morning. Consecrated myself anew to the Service of Almighty God."

Working from diaries and letters dating back to as early as 1855, Mr. Frazier has produced an affectionate, extremely engaging portrait of what it was like to be an ordinary American a century or two ago. His ancestors came to Ohio after the Revolution, from Connecticut. There, the British had ravished town after town; and so as compensation the new American government allowed for the creation of the "Connecticut Western Reserve" where Ohio would later be, and parceled out land to former colonists who had lost their homes in the war. Mr. Frazier's first family member to make the journey west was Platt Benedict, who with his wife, Sally, moved in 1817 from Danbury, Connecticut, to what would become Norwalk, Ohio, named for Norwalk, Connecticut.

Other relatives fought in the Civil War with the 55th Ohio regiment, experiencing defeat at Chancellorsville and victory at Gettysburg. Mostly, though, they lived unassuming lives.

Of one great-great-grandfather, Mr. Frazier reports that the only piece of writing he was able to discover by the man is the text of a schedule for the Indianapolis & Vincennes Railroad. Its concluding, valedictory words read: "Be sure and get through round-trip tickets when you start, and don't fail to start." The book brims with perfect one- or two-line summations of a whole personality. About Mr. Frazier's grandmother Flora Hursh—whose household labors he catalogues with special attention to baking—he says: "Nothing about the world of today would puzzle her more than the contempt it has worked up for fruitcake."

Family, though, is more than an extended family photo album minus the photos. There is an unmistakable tide in the history of these families, which Frazier notices early on and conveys in a powerful, because personal, way. It's the slow evaporation of noble sentiment, reflected in a wider way in American culture.

In secular life, patriotic sentiment has had an increasingly hard time expressing itself in an elevated form. At the start of the Civil War, Mr. Frazier's relatives automatically enlisted to defend the Union against the treasonous, secessionist Southerners. The fate of patriotic feelings in later generations is succinctly indicated in an encounter Mr. Frazier had as a college student when he bumped into a friend "who told me apologetically that he had just enlisted in the Marines. I could not understand why anybody would do such a thing. The idea of serving my country had not crossed my mind."

Frazier also chronicles what has become of religion, specifically Protestantism, in America. In a Protestant society, given the Protestant denial that we need ancient sources of authority to tell us how to read the Bible, a sign of strong, widespread faith is the proliferation of sects. So, as Mr. Frazier notes in one of many fascinating detours, the story of American religion in the nineteenth century is one of Protestant sects splintering like branches of a family tree: three or four kinds of Methodists, seven kinds of Baptists, eight kinds of Presbyterians, and a wild bramble of sects you've never heard of (some that rejected names altogether) plus Sandemanians, Finneyites, Rappites, Zoarites, Pietists, Dunkards. A number of Mr. Frazier's ancestors belonged to the Disciples of Christ —who split over whether it was a sin to play a foot-pump organ in church, and argued vigorously, if not to the point of schism, over whether the "D" in "Disciples" should be capitalized.

But, among Ian Frazier's WASP forebears, faith weakened. "My ancestors," writes Mr. Frazier, "talked and wrote a lot more about God and Jesus Christ than I do. They prayed out loud, cited Scripture in conversation, and generally gave a strong appearance of belief. . . . They could be a tough audience. In church, they often hummed when they liked what the preacher was saying and sometimes hissed softly when they didn't."

Things began to fall apart, not in the radical 1960s, but in the allegedly solid 1950s. Mr. Frazier's father, his son thinks, chose statistics as a profession because it could explain the world in crisp terms without relying on "the old Calvinist insistence on good and evil, saved and damned." People of that generation wanted a religion that

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made few demands, a religion "of peace and serenity and noncontroversy and refuge from the world." That type of faith is exceptionally difficult to pass on to your children, with the result that many Protestant children of the 1950s, like Mr. Frazier, later found themselves religiously at loose ends.

Of course this doesn't ultimately explain *why* Protestantism, or anyway its mainline division, has flickered. Mr. Frazier can't explain it, though he thinks he can. *Family* includes a penultimate chapter in which he asks, in an elegiac mood, "what became of our faith." He proceeds to drop the voice of the previous three hundred pages—warm, amused, yet melancholy—and recounts a brief history of America from the point of view of the new high-school textbooks the Clinton Administration has been calling for: slavery, Indians, Vietnam, environmental pollution. I can't account for this unexpected wandering into *haut cliché*. It is the single false, if elongated, note in an otherwise very likable and educational book. □

FILM

Versions of Bedlam

JOHN SIMON

LUCIAN Pintilié, who stunned us with *The Oak*, has done it again with ***An Unforgettable Summer***. The title was imposed on him; he wanted *The Salad*, after the name of part one of the autobiography of a Rumanian army captain, Petre Dumitriu, on which the film is based. This focuses on an incident in the officer's life in 1925, when he was transferred to a border outpost in the Dobroudja by his superior, General (and Prince) Ipsilanti, who vainly lusted after Petre's beautiful wife, the half-Hungarian Marie-Thérèse. Nationalities and their languages are very important here: when the babble of tongues and dialects rises to Babelic heights, bloodshed ensues. Particularly in the Balkans.

The film quickly establishes the ethnic-linguistic cauldron threatening to boil over. Because a grand ball is about to take place nearby, a brothel must be temporarily closed and shuttered. The official bearing the edict is roundly abused with colorful (but anachronistic) Hungarian expletives by the liveliest of the whores, Erzsi, a Magyar. Later, from her window, the girl moons the army dignitaries arriving for the ball; they stare up in mixed horror and admiration at the familiar globe whose owner they promptly identify. When Ipsilanti sends a couple of junior officers to beat up the girl, she hurls at them the slogans of Béla Kún, the deposed Hungarian Communist leader.

At the ball, Ipsilanti dances with the longed-for Marie-Thérèse, while her jealous bantam-sized husband fumes, smokes, and wins at cards. Conversation is in mixed Rumanian and French, as we learn that Marie-Thérèse is the daughter of a member of the aristocratic Lascari family who married a noble Hungarian, which the Rumanians consider déclassé. Because the young woman is played by the spirited British actress Kristin Scott-Thomas, Mr. Pintilié, as his own screenwriter, invents a further background for her in England: "She speaks perfect Rumanian with an Oxford accent." This may overcomplicate matters, but it fits in, as we hear her frequently speak English, in the aforementioned Babel.

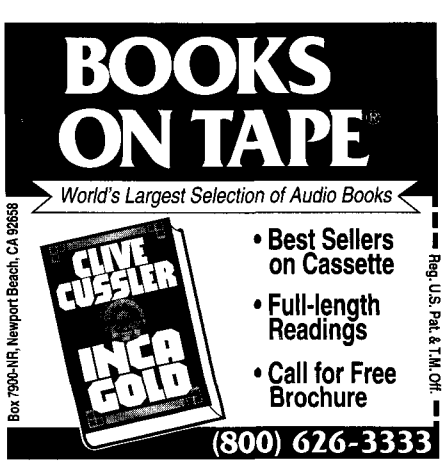
Ipsilanti posts Dumitriu to the godforsaken Dobroudja, a territory claimed by Bulgaria and infested with Comitadji, Macedonian rebels (or bandits, depending on your point of view) who keep raiding and killing whoever is in power, and slicing off the lips of the dead to feed them to their hogs. This is the fate that befell Captain Dumitriu's predecessor, and the general evidently hopes that it may befall the captain, so that Marie-Thérèse will fall to him. Or else that she will be so bored with their wretched surroundings as to become eager for some extramarital sport.

But Marie-Thérèse finds the primitive surroundings and pristine landscape, over which flocks of birds keep whirring and swooping, very much to her liking, and loves the stark mountain that dominates it. It looks, as she notes, like Fujiyama; only nicer than the prototype. And her three small children and the family setter have fun whipping around the camp and its sandy environs. The light on Fujiyama, as photographed by Calin Ghibu, is indeed of an almost unearthly beauty at sunset, and there are many shots of Petre's monocled, somewhat comic face and his wife's finely chiseled one laved by that otherworldly light as they take on the aspect of naïve icons against the bare, white-gleaming walls of their abode.

The captain, trained in Germany, is a good fellow but a stickler for discipline. Marie-Thérèse is fun-loving, intelligent (she reads Proust in French—not bad for Dobroudja in 1925), and sensitive. None of this is appreciated by the two boorish lieutenants under the captain (one of them the very fellow who roughed up Erzsi), or even by the common soldiers, to whom a seemingly flighty young beauty, gamboling children, and a befuddled nanny are an incomprehensible sight, and even the lady's intercession for them when maltreated by their lieutenants must seem somehow out of order.

There are disturbing omens. An elaborate Venetian pier glass on the wall is suddenly pierced by a projectile from without. A mischievous pebble, the Dumitrius assume; later, looking behind the mirror, they'll find a bullet in the wall. The tomatoes and lettuce for their salad, growing in sandy soil, prove unpalatable. Ten Bulgarian hostages become their slave gardeners, and the vegetables markedly improve. But the good gardeners are to be executed in retaliation for the latest Comitadji raid. This despite their innocence, and Marie-Thérèse's having befriended them to the point where she pays them

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*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out of her own pocket. When General Ipsilanti and his staff officers come to lunch, the salad is irresistible. Not so Marie-Thérèse's pro-Bulgarian remarks, which have the prince in a barely controlled rage.

But he did not come for the salad; rather, to reissue the oral orders Captain Dumitriu has thus far disregarded: that the Bulgarian hostages be shot. In various brilliant exchanges, the absurdity of Balkan politics becomes manifest. The Comitadji aren't even Bulgarian, and these Bulgarians, in any case, are harmless peasants, not even allowed to talk to their anxious wives who hover nearby. One of the hostages is, in fact, a Turk, who does not speak any Bulgarian. And there are no written orders for the execution, for obvious reasons; but Dumitriu, out of respect for military discipline (and perhaps love for his wife) insists on them, defying both his superiors' promises of preferment and their threats of nonpromotion.

The resultant imbroglio is capitally conveyed by Mr. Pintilié and his cast. The tiny outpost becomes a hotbed of tyranny and intrigue, with small individual decencies unable to stem the grinding wheels of satrapy. In the end, Marie-Thérèse and her husband are profoundly insulted by another, cruder general, who draws vile parallels between the captain's wife and Erzsi, the Hungarian Communist whore. Consider the fineness of the details. The insulted captain staggers to the stables to ride back from headquarters, then decides to shoot himself. First he sticks the pistol in his mouth, then decides (like Ibsen's Lövborg) that the temple is more fitting, but first dries the saliva on the pistol barrel carefully on his tunic. Then he notices that his hungry mount has been avidly chomping on the wooden rail of its stall. Petre falls weeping on his horse's flank, realizing (though the film does not spell this out) that sometimes you have to eat wood, or dirt, or worse to survive.

This is a witty, harrowing, wonderful film; concidentally, it may even explain what is happening in Bosnia today. It understands full well how laughable absurdity can be without becoming any the less lacerating or lethal. There are ironies everywhere. What was the most horrible summer in the life of a young mother, driving her to drink and wasting away, was for her small son the most unforgettably lovely season of his life. The final tragic episode is not in Dumitriu's memoirs, and was invented by Pintilié. It is visually stunning and emotionally shattering, but it may be a bit too theatrical. Still, with such writing, directing, and acting—most prominently from Kristin Scott-Thomas and Claudiu Bleont as the Dumitrius, but also from the rest—what is a small faux pas? This film resonates in the memory, insistently and inspiredly.

■ Both the frantic health culture and the consumption of nutritionally worthless breakfast cereals are characteristic of America's infatuation with a well-being whose sources are as misunderstood as its results are misused. All the wallowing *in corpore sano* will not get you a *mens sana* where there is no *mens* to begin with. Hence a satire on the Kellogg brothers, John Harvey and Will, would seem not inappropriate. John ran the Battle Creek Sanitarium (a deliberate misspelling of "sanatorium," which he felt suggested TB), catering to the likes of Teddy Roosevelt, John D. Rockefeller, and Henry Ford, subjecting them to the weirdest diet this side of aboriginal Australia, and to multiple daily enemas and other tortures to make an Indian brave and Torquemada himself shudder. As for Will, the younger brother whom John exploited, he cashed in on the craze for breakfast foods that the San, as it was affectionately known, had spawned all over Battle Creek. When Will proved as successful with his corn flakes as John was with his enemas, brotherly relations went to pot.

All this underlies the novel by T. Coraghessan Boyle, ***The Road to Wellville***, on which the film, written and directed by Alan Parker, is based. The trouble with Mr. Parker is that his fictions always disimprove on fact, and that he can never leave well enough alone. He has concocted a movie so hysterical, so frantic, that it loses its power of persuasion. It's all very well to make fun of doctors and patients—see the current and vastly superior *Caro diario* (Dear Diary) by Nanni Moretti—but the author must shoot his barbs from a safe high ground above the demented insect colony, a high ground he can share with his audience. This is a principle all true satirists understand.

Mr. Parker, however, can't relax. He jerks you from one outrage to the next with such demented zeal as to make the quacks, conmen, and doltish victims seem laid-back by comparison. There is hardly a quiet moment in the movie, and when there is, the background music carries on as if the orchestra were seated on hotplates. Peter Biziou's cinematography and Brian Morris's production design are a hit, and the woodchucklike incisors looming from Anthony Hopkins's maw are a hoot, but not even the many good actors can help being lost in the shuffle, buffeted about like corn flakes in a hurricane. □

ART

In Indian Country

JAMES GARDNER

PASSING through the galleries of the Smithsonian's new National Museum of the American Indian in lower Manhattan is about as pleasant as a fever dream in which we seem to be running constantly toward a goal and never getting there. Thousands of objects are arranged within a cramped and narrow circuit of rooms around the Alexander Hamilton Custom House's central core (which, for various red-tape reasons, has not been leased to the museum) so that every time you think you've come to the end of the exhibition, another display awaits you, and then another and another. Once the busloads of schoolchildren start to pour in, this sclerotic entanglement will certainly become a living Hell.

The tale of the endless legal complications that led to transplanting the George Gustav Heye Center from its uptown mausoleum to its present downtown venue is too complicated and dispiriting to describe in detail. Suffice it to say that early in the century Heye deeded his collection of more than a million objects to the City of

Mr. Gardner is NR*'s art critic and the author of* Culture or Trash? *(Birch Lane).*

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New York on condition that the city provide space for their display. Now the Smithsonian has taken it over, anticipating the opening, a decade hence, of a larger museum on the last remaining patch of greensward on the Mall in Washington. In the meantime, as stipulated in Heye's will, it has established this museum in New York, which eventually will become a branch of the one in the capital.

As matters stand now, however, the galleries are in such a state of confusion that it took more than one spin around the supercollider-like circuit before I realized that I was seeing not one exhibition but three. They were so poorly differentiated that I would hardly have been sure even now were it not for the three separate leaflets that accompanied them. For the exhibits' studious nonconformity, their "daring," ever-shifting refusal to look like the old-style objects-in-glass-cases curatorship, causes everything on display to seem more or less of a piece.

To make matters worse, the objects, which tend to be quite small, are utterly overwhelmed by verbiage. Written panels amount to perhaps five hundred pages of text, which no one will ever be able to read all of, not that one would want to do so. But that is the least of the verbiage one has to put up with. For the displays, resolutely "state of the art," are chockablock with electronic gizmos, video games for tots, and above all, recordings of "Native Americans" detailing how they feel about being "Native Americans." It is interesting, by the way, that whereas the personalities involved uniformly speak of "Native Americans," the museum continues to use the name "American Indian."

Yet another unpleasantness is the nauseating self-righteousness of this verbiage. The titles of the exhibitions tell the tale. It is a bad start that each title could apply equally well or ill to the other two exhibitions: "All Roads Are Good: Native Voices on Life and Culture," "Creation's Journey: Masterworks of Native American Identity and Belief," and "This Path We Travel: Celebrations of Contemporary Native American Creativity." Why are these Indians always traveling, one wonders. And where are all these roads leading? Nowhere, by the look of things.

The dominant curatorial idea can be reduced to something along the lines of, "It's not your father's Olds," whereby a car company lures a new generation of consumers to re-examine an established commodity. The curators are determined that no one will leave this exhibition mistaking it for the dry-as-dust approach to Indian art that characterized the old venue on West 155th Street. As the brochure explains: "Museums have often presented Native American materials from non-native perspectives, describing them in the words of art historians or anthropologists." To counteract that, the museum "adds seldom-heard voices to the discussion—those of Native Americans, past and present."

The implicit assumption in all such revisionist museology is that tribal objects were not intended to be displayed in dreary cases with labels—which is true enough—but that they were intended to be set in toney, airless, tracklighted mood chambers. The truth is that most of these objects were created with non-artistic ends in mind, and those that *were* created as art were not meant to end up in museums. If we accept in the first place the premise of displaying them in the male, pale museum, we should try to display a maximum of objects with a minimum of distraction. Though the display cases in the old venue were surely uninviting, at least they brought you in contact with a goodly assortment of objects, which you could look at as you pleased. The new display has far fewer objects, but forces upon the viewer a single perspective. In this regard, the present trend in "multivocal" installations is far more illiberal than what it has supplanted, since it will not accept that the humble visitor, not being a complete idiot, might just be able make up his own mind.

The pity is that there are some very fine objects in this museum—Navajo rugs, Mohawk beaded caps, Osage cradleboards—presented in so distracting a fashion that few will find pleasure in them. The first thing to do is to talk the municipal authorities into leasing the inner core of the rotunda, thus allowing the objects to be displayed in a more inviting fashion. Then we should pay the curators more—in fact, whatever it takes—to get them to work as little as possible. For the time being, however, the reconstituted George Gustav Heye Center is wrong from the start. And it bodes even worse for the other museum that the Smithsonian plans to open several years down the line. □

SOUND ON DISC

Improve Your Musical IQ

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

THE Center for Neurobiology of Learning and Memory, University of California at Irvine, reports that ten minutes of listening to Mozart raised students' IQ scores by nine points and led to an improvement in the solution of spatial puzzles. This was reported at length by the *New York Times*, which, if you're concerned about boosting intelligence, might have better used the space for a discussion of *The Art of Music*, by Hector Berlioz—now rereleased by Indiana University Press with a foreword by Jacques Barzun. Here Berlioz, who was not only a great composer but

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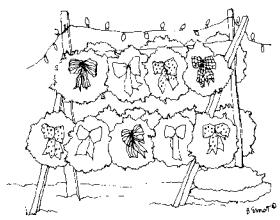
also among the great music critics, comments with tremendous insight—and pleads for an end to the constant rise in pitch of music, contributing to the ruin of many great voices. *The Art of Music* may not improve your IQ score or give you a handle on spatial problems, but it will open great windows to the understanding of music.

■ I was probably one of the first half-dozen music critics to write about Edith Piaf, before she became the darling of the faddists. What those of us at the time had to go on was a few not-too-well-recorded discs issued by one of the minor record companies and some enthusiastic comments by Jean Cocteau. But the recordings were enough. For *la mome*, the little sparrow, was far more than a product of Montmartre and the existentialists who enriched the entertainment of postwar Paris.



Mme Piaf, by sheer personality and the weight of her sadness, went beyond all that. What had been wrung out of Mimí and *La Bohème* on the opera stage filled less than a shot glass to her full tumbler. The emotion, the involvement of voice and intonation, the personal joy and despair of that little black-clad figure, were new to showbiz. And now they can be heard in a boxed collection of 10 CDs—almost too much, and with repetition that impinges on concentration—as great in its own genre as the traversal of the blues by Bessie Smith. The anthology—*Piaf: 30 ans de présence et 30 ans d'absence*—is issued by EMI for *Les amis d'Edith Piaf,* with a small volume of essays and lyrics.

■ Let me confess that before I listen to a recording of Verdi's *Otello*, I turn first to the fourth act for the *"Willow Song"* and the *"Ave Maria."* For this passage, before Otello kills Desdemona, is one of the most affecting in Verdi, and perhaps in all opera. The delicacy, beauty, and modulated passion of voice and accompaniment are also measures of the artistry of the singer who plays Desdemona and of the conductor at the helm of the orchestra. Of the singers living in my time, Renata Tebaldi has been superb here, but in an EMI Classics issue, Gwyneth Jones and Sir John Barbirolli are very fine, indeed—as is the entire recording.

■ The conjunction of Mozart's last opera, *The Magic Flute*, and Wilhelm Furtwängler, the great and dedicated conductor, is an interesting one. Furtwängler over his lifetime brought power and insight to his performances of Beethoven and Brahms, with excursions into Wagner. It was in the turbulent world of postwar Germany that he turned to Mozart, as if to a new life force in a torn country. He would write of *The Magic Flute* that it was "a sanctification of life, a force that instills life into everything that is high and noble. In none of his other works does Mozart's simple humanity speak more fully and naturally than in this miraculous piece." Furtwängler's traversal at Salzburg was criticized for its slow tempos and a seriousness that was considered incongruous in any reading of Mozart. But this EMI Classics reissue is the finest I have ever heard. It is a performance recording, broadcast by a Salzburg radio station supported by American Occupation forces. The soloists are robust and sensitive, and the Vienna Philharmonic responds excellently to Furtwängler's conducting.

■ It is significant that Furtwängler, who put his stamp on the Salzburg Festival, should have been succeeded for a time by Dimitri Mitropoulos—until Herbert von Karajan took over and imposed his Teutonic marching-band approach. Mitropoulos did contribute a notable and important performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The Furtwängler influence is apparent in the more deliberate interpretation of this Sony recording—one that moves away from the Italianate aspects of Mozart's score and draws on its darker voices. Mitropoulos also has Cesare Siepi as his Don Giovanni, and this is a plus. Fernando Corena's Leporello gives the *catalogo* of the Don's amours an easy touch, and Rita Streich's Zerlina is more than adequate.

■ If the greatness of Haydn as a composer, and the unfailing luster of his music, needed critical corroboration, it can be found in the recognition he is receiving from the record companies. Where he was represented almost always by his symphonies, his other works are now being presented with happy regularity. So I call to your attention two new additions. Haydn's Cello Concertos in C Major and D Major, written some twenty years apart, demonstrate his melodic inventiveness, his architectonic strength, and the *élan* of his works. They are inscribed with taste and grace, for EMI's Virgin series, by the cellist Truls Mork and the Norwegian Chamber Orchestra, led by Iona Brown. And on Sony's Vivarte series, there are premiere recordings of Haydn's *Missa "Sunt bona mixta malis"* and the *Offertorium "Non nobis, Domine."* What is striking about these two works is the evocation, of course in Haydn's voice, of Gregorian modalities. Other Haydn Masses—the *Lord Nelson* and the *Theresienmesse* come to mind—are, like Mozart's Great Mass in C, rich products of the late classical period. The *Sunt Bona* and the *Offertorium* speak in a purer voice and reach closer to their religious inspiration.

■ "There is the music of Heaven in all things," Hildegard von Bingen wrote, "and we have forgotten how to hear it until we sing." Sister Hildegard, who lived in the twelfth century, was at once a mystic and an intensely practical woman. She became an abbess and founded her own order, but she is remembered today for her music and its otherworldly beauties. The astonishing worldwide success of a recording of Gregorian chants has led to the issuance by Angel Records of Sister Hildegard's plainchant. This is a highly unusual recording, for it brings together the *a cappella* singing of Emily Van Evera, a specialist in early music, and Sister Germaine Fritz, prioress of St. Walburga Monastery in New Jersey—as authentic as you will find—with the textured and rhythmic arrangements of Richard Souther in a juxtaposition of past and present which is both historically acceptable and astonishingly lovely. That such a recording can be made today is a con-

Mr. Toledano's classic essay collection, Frontiers of Jazz, *has been re-issued by Pelican Publishing Company in Gretna, Louisiana.*

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vincing answer to the secularism that is destroying the world, and I predict that it will have a great sale.

■ On the jazz scene: I call attention to a recording by Chiaroscuro (830 Broadway, New York, New York 10003) of Bob Wilber, a jazz wunderkind of my youth, playing clarinet and alto sax with tenor sax Scott Hamilton & Orchestra. This is solid and relaxed mainstream jazz, rounding up standards and Wilber originals. In the same manner and spirit (and also from Chiaroscuro) is the Ruby Braff–George Barnes Quartet, live in concert at the New School. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Celestine Prophecy: An Adventure, by James Redfield (Warner, 246 pp., $17.95)

ON THE best-seller lists since March, this may be the most celebrated New Age attempt to "complete" the Christian message—indeed to fuse all religions into one beautiful, all-embracing vision. The result is a tenth-rate melodrama joining gnostic hubris with flower-child theology. In an allegorical journey told in the first person, we follow author James Redfield in search of the Manuscript, an ancient text hidden away somewhere in the mountains of Peru and containing the Nine Insights. Obstructing his quest are the usual dark forces, including Catholic authorities. Uncannily, the text prophesies a spiritual "restlessness" to appear in "the sixth decade of the twentieth century," suggesting a special mission in the world for Mr. Redfield's very own generation. Those appointed will spread the good news of the Insights, ushering in a millennium of love and harmony "that has been the goal of history all along." Attaining this "higher synthesis," we will understand "all things"—for instance, that everything is energy, and "each time we fill up with energy . . . we institute this level of energy in ourselves, and so we can exist at a higher vibration." This is really what Jesus was getting at all along. The true spiritual line runs neither from Jerusalem through Rome nor from Jerusalem through Wittenberg, but from Jerusalem through Woodstock. —MATTHEW SCULLY

Winchell: Gossip, Power, and the Culture of Celebrity, by Neal Gabler (Knopf, 681 pp., $30)

"HE SEES all . . . he knows all" was the motto of columnist Walter Winchell—Broadway gossip, ardent New Dealer, and, according to Neal Gabler, the father of modern celebrity. Winchell's rise from the alleys of Broadway to the café society whose arbiter he became is an absorbing allegory for the birth of our modern-day circus maximus. Portraying the rise of celebrity gossip as profoundly democratic, Mr. Gabler is only half right: Winchell was from the beginning a vindictive cartoon of a man who required the same absolute submission from his subjects that he gave to his column. Indeed, Mr. Gabler is ambivalent about Winchell and the celebrity culture he helped to create. If the book lags in its sketchy account of that culture and in its refusal to fully credit the manic darkness of its subject, it is nevertheless the best account yet of a history that continues to be written. —DAVID SAMUELS

Sex and Suits: The Evolution of Modern Dress, by Anne Hollander (Knopf, 202 pp., $25)

ART HISTORIAN Anne Hollander purports to explain "the evolution of modern dress" starting "somewhere between 1200 [and] 1400" (that's when she says "Western fashion got fully underway") up to our present-day sartorial situation. Covering this huge swath of time is a tall order, so Miss Hollander sets off at a breakneck speed, achieving a Camille Pagliaesque, learned-lady-on-methedrine, I'm-going-to-explain-it-all-for-you quality. As in Miss Paglia's work, there are lots of vivid nuggets. (In the Nineties, she writes, "The whole family at leisure, from Grandma down to the three-year-old, will be dressed exactly the same, perpetually ready to play on the swings . . . dressing everyone like children . . . connotes freedom from the burdens of adult sexuality.") Still, the book seems a bit of a grab-bag—although a colorful grab-bag, much like pawing through a big bag of clothes (whale bones, cod pieces, chitons, WonderBras, top hats, spats, the Classic Man's Suit) from the last several centuries.

—STEPHANIE GUTMANN

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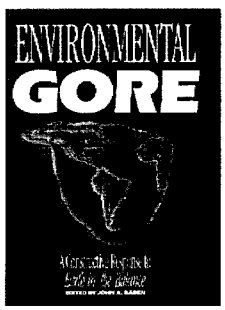

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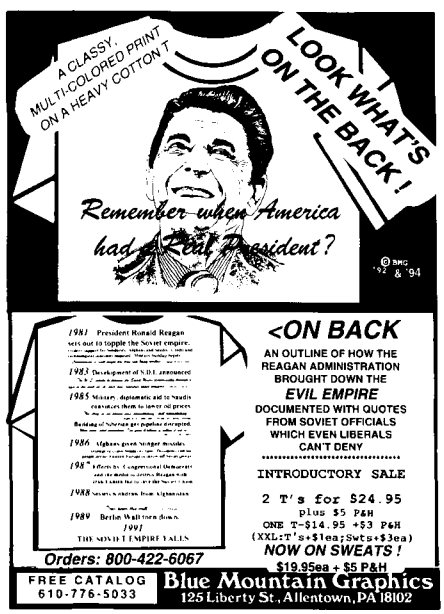
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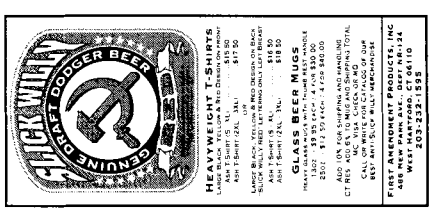

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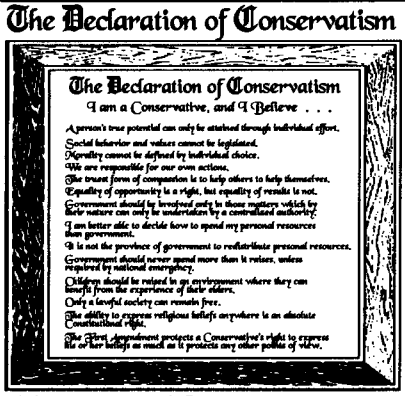

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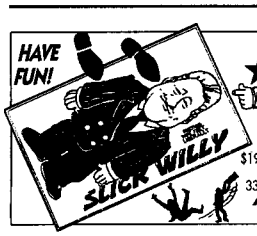

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ROBERTS

(Continued from page 51)

sight powers, it makes sense to begin with Executive Branch appointees. Once that house is in order, Congress can move on to the judiciary.

William Blackstone, England's greatest legal scholar, wrote that when "executive power distorts the established law," it is incumbent upon the legislature to impeach and punish the conduct of the government's "evil and pernicious counselors." There are many candidates for impeachment. The Republicans can begin with Attorney General Janet Reno and Assistant Attorney General Deval Patrick; HUD Secretary Henry Cisneros and Assistant Secretary Roberta Achtenberg; EPA head Carol Browner; and the secretaries of defense and the Army, who preside over the Corps of Engineers.

All these officials are guilty of impeachable offenses. For Janet Reno and Deval Patrick, the list starts with creating law out of coerced consent decrees. They are forcing banks into quota lending by threatening them with "civil rights" lawsuits when no law is being violated. As Cornell law professor Jonathan R. Macey wrote: "The government's willingness to proceed with litigation in the absence of evidence of discrimination is scandalous in a nation that purports to be governed by the rule of law."

By coercing banks to divert their assets to serving the government's political purpose, Clinton officials are following in the footsteps of King Charles I. When Charles could not get enough money out of Parliament, he took to violating a principle dating from the reign of Edward III that "loans against the will of a subject are against reason and the liberty of the land" and began coercing loans from the upper classes. The sovereign's behavior set in motion revolutionary events which eventually established that law flows from the people through Parliament.

Henry Cisneros and Roberta Achtenberg are impeachable for creating and funding a new federal spending program that has not been authorized by Congress. HUD's new Office of AIDS Housing is entirely a whim of the regulators. It is an assertion of prerogative that strikes at the heart of accountable government.

EPA and Army Corps of Engineers officials are impeachable for their repeated violations of the takings clause of the Constitution and for prosecuting citizens without statutory authority. The secretaries of the Army and defense, who have turned blind eyes to these proceedings, are likewise impeachable.

There are many other candidates. Whether the Republicans should conduct a clean sweep or simply make enough examples to send a believable message is a matter of judgment. But it's crucial that they understand the goal: restoring the accountability of law. People are tired of Washington's tyranny. Cromwell gave the English Charles's head. If the Republicans don't deliver some heads, the revolution against Washington will grow.

"Hi, grandma! Did you know that there are five beautiful rest homes on the way to your house?"

Republicans are in a stronger position to change policy by impeachment than through legislation. Congress depends upon some 15,000 staffers—who run the committees, subcommittees, and congressional offices, draft the legislation, and deal with the federal bureaucracy. Even if Republicans are able to keep their promise to reduce the staff by one-third, that still leaves 10,000 staff jobs that Republicans do not have bodies to fill, much less people with the experience and determination required to deliver a legislative revolution. Republicans have never been able to provide the support systems and career paths for their policy people, and the American intellectual establishment has been hostile to anyone who would be capable of helping the Republicans carry out their agenda. President Reagan faced a far smaller staffing job, and he could not find enough Reaganites to take advantage of the opportunities his election presented. I know this from personal experience. It was lonely being a Reaganite in the Reagan Administration.

But impeachments are a simple matter. As former Republican Minority Leader Gerald Ford said, "an impeachable offense is whatever a majority of the House of Representatives considers it to be at a given moment in history." Newt Gingrich doesn't need a staff to draw up articles of impeachment against Cabinet officials who are flagrantly violating the law.

Conviction requires a two-thirds vote of the Senate, which means Democrats could prevent the removal of the officials. But Democratic senators could not deem their seats safe if they foiled legitimate efforts to discipline federal officials who have created law independently of Congress. And in any case, to be named in an article of impeachment is a sobering experience, whether one is convicted or not.

Revolutions are often a long time in the making, and this Congress might not go all the way toward reconstituting a civil society under the rule of law. Cromwell and the anti-Royalist forces dethroned and beheaded Charles, but they could not agree about anything upon attaining power. The real revolution came later, when James II was deposed and Parliament established its supremacy over the law as the representative of the people's will. Liberalism's penchant for big, arrogant, and unaccountable government resulted in its beheading on November 8, but Congress must reclaim the law from the bureaucrats and law clerks before we have our own Glorious Revolution.

A Frank Luntz poll conducted on November 9 shows that the time is propitious for this revolution but that many Americans doubt that either party is up to the job. Luntz reports that "almost two-thirds of Clinton voters (65 per cent) believe 'the Federal Government is much too large and has too much power.'" Even Clinton's supporters are ready for something to be done, but, Luntz reports, "fully 42 per cent of America does not believe that either political party 'will clean up the mess in Washington.'"

If Republicans really intend to conquer Washington, they will have to begin by reclaiming Congress's power. □

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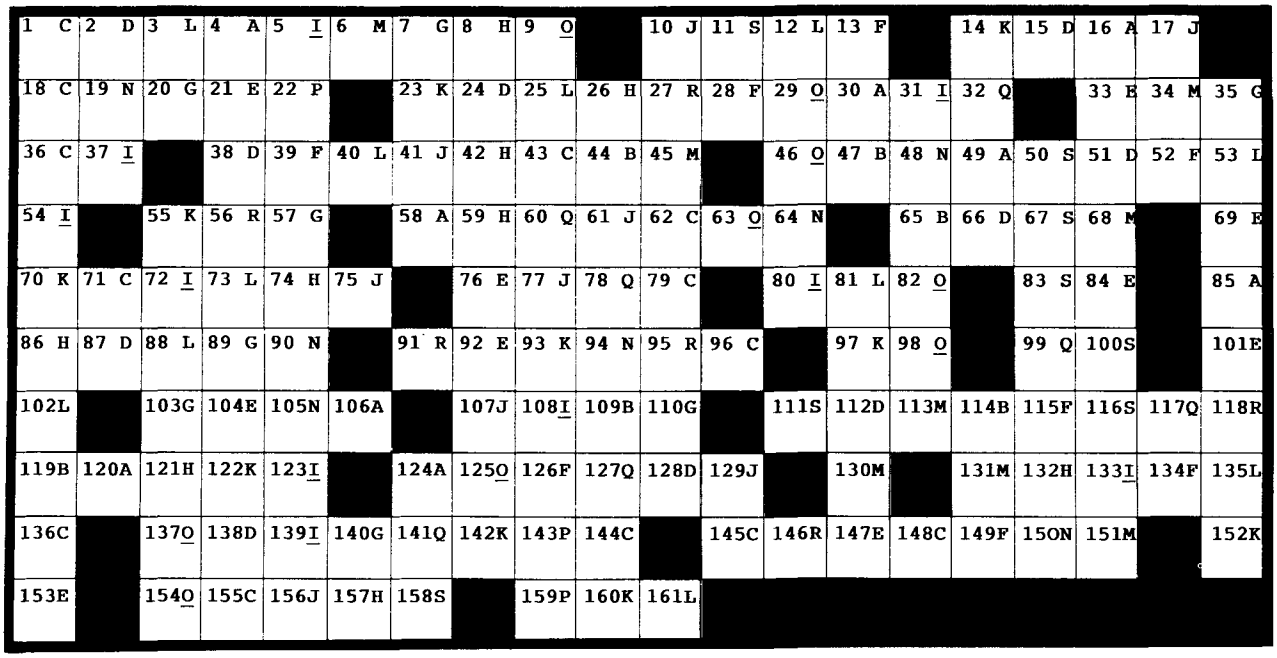
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Site of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier — 49 4 85 124 120 58 106 30 16

B. Derided vocally — 65 119 109 44 47 114

C. Personal annual event (2 words) — 148 36 136 2 155 96 43 144 145 1 / 71 18 79

D. Infantry necessity — 24 38 2 66 112 51 128 138 15 87

E. Certain brewers (2 words) — 33 84 92 153 104 21 69 147 76 101

F. Developing — 13 115 52 149 126 39 28 134

G. Wagner subject — 35 7 103 20 110 57 140 89

H. Vital — 157 26 74 86 59 121 132 8 42

I. In a rude way — 80 72 31 133 139 5 54 108 37 123

J. Elevates — 10 129 41 17 77 107 156 61 75

K. Helter-skelter (3 words) — 152 93 55 97 23 70 160 142 122 14

L. Anatomical-sounding produce (2 words) — 53 81 12 135 40 102 25 73 161 88 / 3

M. Jane, of dire note — 6 113 131 130 151 34 68 45

N. Stevedores, at times — 48 94 19 64 150 90 105

O. Very intimate — 29 125 82 63 46 137 98 9 154

P. Negative correlative — 22 159 143

Q. Rantings and ravings — 141 127 117 0 99 78 32

R. Patrick Henry, for one — 56 146 91 118 27 95

S. "Public" types — 83 100 50 11 158 111 116 67

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. WILLARD GILLEY: *Washington:* "We have a real problem when a high official in the EPA states that he eagerly looks forward to the day that when people are contacted by the EPA, they will be just as scared as they are when they are contacted by the IRS."

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Oh What a Beautiful Morning

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11

Senator Dole said that Republicans must not gloat. On the other hand Tom Wolfe, shortly after the Soviet Union capitulated, addressed an assembly of lifelong Cold Warriors and said—Why not gloat? To gloat is to express great pleasure, "often malicious." The particular temptation to gloat last Tuesday as the returns floated in and Democrat after Democrat glugged down under the tidal wave was generated by the nature of the rhetoric of the losers. Bill Clinton cannot say "John hit the baseball," without insinuating a moral sentiment into the datum. John hit the baseball, which is testimony to John's fine health and to the rigors of exercise and to the joys of a great sport in which millions of Americans engage with such evident pleasure . . . Snore time indeed, and so help me the impulse arises (we are human) to worry about the baseball.

Has no one given any thought to how you'd feel if *you* were a baseball? It's all very well to talk about John hitting the baseball, but baseballs represent an ecological asset and there has to be husbandry in dissipating national assets. Snore. I mean, that's how Bill Clinton sounds, and he sounds all the time, everywhere, on every issue, and when he will stop knoweth not the listener and, one began to suspect toward midnight on Tuesday, a lot of voters.

Okay, so a decent interval to gloat, to express great pleasure and a touch of malice directed at those who always represent themselves as speaking for the people, while us-types speak only for special interests. Special interests like, it transpires, the majority of the American people.

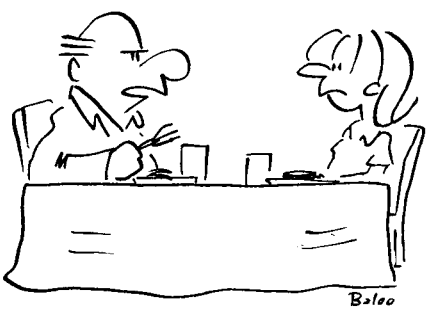
Now Newt Gingrich has made the question, Where do we go from here? wonderfully explicit. He has that agenda to which he and all Republican congressional aspirants subscribed in September. Democratic pundits oohed with pleasure at the Contract with America when it was enunciated. Their reasoning was that the mere enumeration of the 10 goals gave the Democrats something to chew on, a great relief over the alternative of defending Clinton, which was proving a sweaty exercise with exiguous benefits. Gingrich was undismayed by the criticism and reiterated the legislative, and in some cases constitutional, goals.

The parliamentary situation is this: Assuming that every Republican voted one by one in favor of the agenda, both in the House and in the Senate, all the items on the agenda would be passed. If President Clinton vetoed every measure and every Democrat in the House and in the Senate voted against the agenda, the Republicans would be without sufficient votes to override the veto. But it is by no means predictable either that every single Republican senator will go along with every item on the agenda (the Contract was made with members of the House of Representatives and contenders for House seats); nor is it by any means to be supposed that every Democrat will reject the agenda.

Then too there is piquancy in the provision that would give to the President a line-item veto. Congress could pass the line-item number, the President could veto it, Congress could override: and the President could thenceforward decline to exercise the privilege given him.

And of course a term-limitation amendment is a constitutional question, and constitutional initiatives don't stop at the White House for confirmation. They go directly to the states. The question of term limitation is complicated by varying views on its constitutionality. There is the school that says it is absolutely up to the states, and already 22 states have voted in favor of term limitation. A second school says it is up to Congress, since it sets its own rules. A third school insists that not even Congress can deny to the voters of any congressional district the right to send whomever they wish to Congress, provided he/she is 25 years old. To be sure, Congress—but here we get into constitutional fine-tuning that, for the most part, should be exercised only in law-school seminars—could refuse to seat a congressman if he had already served the proposed limit of 12 years.

Mr. Gingrich is definitely the man of the hour, and for those who have an occasional taste for political grand opera, it is simply too gratifying for words to know that he will replace the man who only a little over a year ago when the budget bill was passed announced that finally we had come to the end of the era of Ronald Reagan. □



"Oh come on—you can't blame 12 years of Republican neglect for this meatloaf."

Studying the Political Nuts & Bolts

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15

It requires a surprisingly small shift in total vote to effect great political landslides, as we discover, courtesy of the *New York Times* and Mitofsky International. We have from them an account of the political changes recorded every election year beginning with the Reagan victory of 1980. And we discover that a mere 2 per cent of the total vote had gone over to the GOP.

In 1980 when Mr. Reagan brought the Senate along with him, but not the House, 48 per cent of the total vote went Republican. In 1994, 50 per cent did. A mere 2 per cent, and all this commotion.

As one would expect, the internal breakdown titillates. American women, by and large, lean toward Democrats. I have never heard an explanation for this that is plausible. In 1980, 45 per cent of women went Republican; this year, a grudging 46 per cent. By contrast, men went Republican by 51 per cent in 1980, and by 54 per cent this time around.

Has the swelling black middle class affected the voting? No. In fact, black Republican votes decreased from 13 per cent to 12. Among Hispanics there was a rightward creep, if barely discernible: from 28 per cent to 30. Asians were not counted in 1980, at least not by Mr. Mitofsky.

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We come to the category that separates white Protestants, Catholics, and Jews. And learn that among white Protestants the Republicans gained enormously in the 14-year interval, from 59 to 66. Catholics moved in the same direction, from 41 to 48. The Jews, for reasons that don't come instantly to mind, went in the Democratic direction, from 31 to 22. Come to think of it, a probable reason is that Reagan was associated with the stout wing of the Cold War, an issue no longer relevant, but one around which a hardy minority of Jewish voters clung in 1980.

Meanwhile tectonic demographic shifts were recorded. Nothing new in the staid old East (48 then, 48 now). But the Midwest moved solidly, from 50 to 56; the South moved massively, from 46 Republican the Reagan year to 55 on Tuesday. The West, in which of course California is predominant, moved as dramatically in the opposite direction, from 51 to 41. The reasons for this will be explored meticulously by the psephologists in the months ahead, but surely something there has to do with the fact that Ronald Reagan, a Californian, headed the ticket in 1980.

Given the figures, which in the context of greater America appear so slight, how is it that the impression is so solid that the political change is substantially important?

The reason, surely, is that whatever one says about the negative character of the campaigning and the advertising done by contending candidates, the lineaments of the alternative positions were pretty clear. When Newt Gingrich and Phil Gramm said over the weekend that they acknowledge a mandate that calls for less government, reduced federal extravagance, a diminished federal appetite to accept the burden of zookeeping in Walla Walla, it somehow did not matter that the numerical vote was so close. For one thing, the mere 2 per cent evolves into the difference between a Senate controlled by such as Kennedy–Biden–Sarbanes, and one controlled by such as Dole–Gramm–Helms. A victory by 51 to 49 is no less a victory. The talk over the weekend tended to focus on the blood lust of the new congressional bosses. This point was nicely dealt with by future House Majority Leader Dick Armey, who when asked whether there would be a rout of Democratic staff members, observed that as things now stand, Republicans have about 30 per cent of congressional staff, an allocation decreed over the years by the Democratic majority.

If the Republicans persevere in cutting down the size of congressional staff, and if they reduce the Democratic staff to a corresponding number, i.e., 30 per cent, that means a lot of ex-Democratic staffers. Ah—but then that's the price we pay, is it not, for coming in 2 per cent ahead? □

Is Everybody a Racist?

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18

Already her name is slipping away from the news stories, and it will probably be ten years before the Supreme Court authorizes her execution, but something should be said about the protests lodged against Susan Smith as evidencing Southern racism. We recall that her story to the police was that a young black drove away in her automobile with her two children. It was that statement that set in motion a five-state search for a young black driving a maroon Mazda with two small boys in tow. Well, the story broke down: our Medea had destroyed her own children, contributing one whole chapter to the book of American infamy. But there are those who paused to meditate on her having fancied the kidnapper to be black, insisting that this was, so to speak, a Freudian slip indicating bias against blacks and promoting racism, at least during the period when the whole of the South was looking for a maroon Mazda with a depraved black monster at the wheel.

The point, surely, is that the wretched woman chose to give a plausible story to the police. Surely it was easier simply to say "black" because blacks are widely accepted as given to crime at a heavier rate than whites. The figure that comes to mind is, five times the rate. If Mrs. Smith had said that the kidnapper was an albino, or a dwarf, or one-armed, heavier attention would have been given to his identifying characteristics. But the child-killer, straining for maximum plausibility, simply reaches into the pool of averages in search of a "typical" criminal. Americans who watch the television news and see occasional police lineups have a sense of it that blacks, though they make up only 12 per cent of the population, commit over one-half the violent crimes. If we are looking for additional animadversions on a mother who killed her children we should be prepared to let "racist" pass by.

It is all over the place, this looseness. Charles Ogletree is a professor of law at Harvard and served as an interrogator at a forum sponsored by the *Los Angeles Times* and broadcast on *C-SPAN*. I ordered a tape after receiving a few letters from indignant viewers, and yes, there was something there to be indignant about. Professor Ogletree asked the panel of journalists whether they could see any difference in the two situations which he proceeded to exhibit on the television screen, one of them featuring me, a second featuring Khalid Abdul Muhammad. Khalid was giving one of his white-people-and-especially-the-Jews are the devils of history speeches, of which we got a snippet that there is a little bit of Hitler in all white people. I was a panelist in Hartford observing that a woman walking in the streets of Harlem at night who spotted eleven 17-year-olds and felt fear could be perceived as reacting to the news story that in Harlem 25 per cent of young blacks of that age were in jail, another 25 per cent on probation, another 25 per cent on drugs. Professor Ogletree attempted to persuade the panelists that when you come right down to it there was no difference between the racism of Khalid Muhammad and my own. He tried this thesis out on two or three of the panelists who gently rejected it, to the manifest disappointment of the professor of law, who no doubt teaches Evidence.

And in New York City Governor Christine Whitman of New Jersey came on the Bob Grant show. This was a big event, because a week or so earlier she had said she would not again appear on his program given the charges leveled against him as a racist. These charges Mr. Grant vigorously denied, and the governor consented to go on the air and talk about the subject, which they did. And everybody agreed that nobody should be racist and everybody agreed that the First Amendment is a terrific Amendment and everybody agreed on free speech and on the need for tolerance and unity, and so it went.

Oh dear, it is hard to get out of the way of these things. Jesse Jackson discovered that when he inadvertently confessed that if, walking in inner-city shadows, he turned his head to find that it was white people walking behind him, he'd experience a certain relief. Lucky Jesse, he found an anfractuous way out of his problem (he meant, he said, that if they were whites, it was likelier that there would be policemen around to protect the area) before Professor Ogletree lynched him. It's tough out there, commenting on social problems and crime and ethnicity. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Recyclable Myths

IT WAS pleasing in the days following the Republican sweep last month to watch the disorientation of the Left. I like to think that the pleasure I took was something more than cheap *Schadenfreude*—that it was, instead, a principled and mature response on my part to the magisterial movement of ideas through history, akin to the pleasure one takes in watching a garden bloom, or a mother nurture her young. Actually it was cheap *Schadenfreude*. I liked to watch them squirm. I liked the little beads of sweat that formed on Vic Fazio's upper lip during his TV interviews. I liked the President's rambling, groping press conference. I liked the way Tom Foley's head swung from side to side, like Charlie McCarthy's, as he conceded defeat. I liked it.

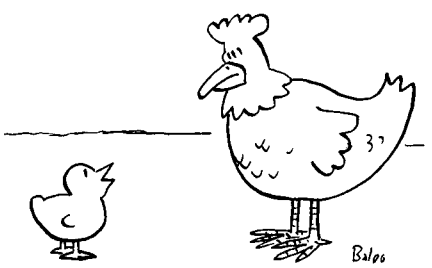
I particularly liked—no, loved—Arthur Schlesinger's essay in the *Wall Street Journal*, which appeared with admirable promptness a week after the election. Professor Schlesinger has apparently concluded that his greatest contribution to his discipline, aside from a gossamer prose style, a brilliant gift for narrative, and weird bow ties, is his "cyclical" theory of recent American political history. The cycles last for thirty years, goes the theory, with the Right and Left dominating by turns. Thus Bill Clinton's inauguration kicked off a new period of liberal activism, after the Franco-like Presidency of George Bush. Goes the theory.

Now, of course, the theory is in trouble, which spells the loss to the Left of one of its great conceptual consolations. Professor Schlesinger labors mightily, not to say pathetically, to resuscitate his theory and restore its predictive power. Cycles, he told *Journal* readers, "not seldom" possess an "undertow." During this undertow, which Professor Schlesinger had failed to tell us about until now, programs are "haltered," government is made a "scapegoat," anger is "free-floating," parties are "dealigned," and "bogeymen loosen purses." This is some undertow! To judge by his essay, the cross-pollination of metaphors is disastrous for the professor's prose style and narrative gift. Thank God he's still got the bow ties.

Professor Schlesinger's piece merely whetted my appetite for what has become one of the great pleasures of life, my weekly devouring of *The Nation* magazine. Schlesinger is a high priest of the mushy Left, but *The Nation* of course offers up the strong undiluted brew. (Artie! Get these metaphors away from me!) I suppose I shouldn't be surprised that *The Nation*'s contributors—left-wing ideologues to a human person—showed a far more sophisticated grasp of what happened in November; for ideologues, as you'd expect, take ideas seriously. They paid the electorate the kind compliment of assuming it knew what it was doing, and then they rendered the less friendly, but logically unavoidable, judgment that the electorate was therefore swine.

I disagree with this line of reasoning but admire its integrity. And I think I know where it will lead: soon enough you will hear from the Left sly denigrations of representative government itself. Right-wing wackos have already arrived at this position, and I'm sure they will welcome their fellow nutjobs with open arms.

For the last word in cluelessness, though, we must look beyond the mushy Left, beyond the hard Left, to the Left that dare not speak its name—the "mainstream" liberals of America's working press. Shortly after the election I happened to be at one site of daily news gathering in Washington. The air was thick with gloom and epithets from the objective reporters. *Intolerance. Christian Right. Extreme. Radical.* And my favorite: *Scary*. The same day a liberal acquaintance of mine ran into a highly regarded editor. "I can say that for the first time in my life I'm truly scared," the editor said. And what, wondered my acquaintance, had scared him so? "Just think what Newt Gingrich can do to this country now," the editor replied.



"Mom, am I my brother's peeper?"

IN A HAPPY coincidence the June number of the *American Journalism Review* landed on my desk a few days after the election. Its cover story profiled "Washington's new bureau chiefs," who "are younger, more irreverent," brash, ironic, fearless, skeptical, and did I mention irreverent? They are "empowered by their generational ardor."

"The people covering Washington," one editor told *AJR*, "tend to not be the around-the-clock, hard-drinking, schmoozing, insider, good-old-boy journalist that you could still see a few years ago." This is undoubtedly true. The irony—if I may use the term—is that those good-old-boy museum pieces were far better acquainted with the real world, as experienced by most Americans, than the baby-boomers who have replaced them.

This is an irony, needless to say, that our knowing young newsroom ironists tend not to comprehend. The alienation that has always suffused the American Left is second nature to today's editors and reporters. As you see, they call it irreverence or skepticism, and it will be honed to a dagger's point as they consider their scary new adversaries. The great show in American politics in the coming years won't be between Democrats and Republicans but between Republicans and the "mainstream" press, hostile, angry, uncomprehending. And it is a show—another irony!—that they won't be able to cover, because they themselves are the story. Which leads us to our final (I promise) irony: In the cycle of American history even now unwinding, the irreverent will soon become the irrelevant. —ANDREW FERGUSON

Mr. Ferguson is a senior writer for The Washingtonian.

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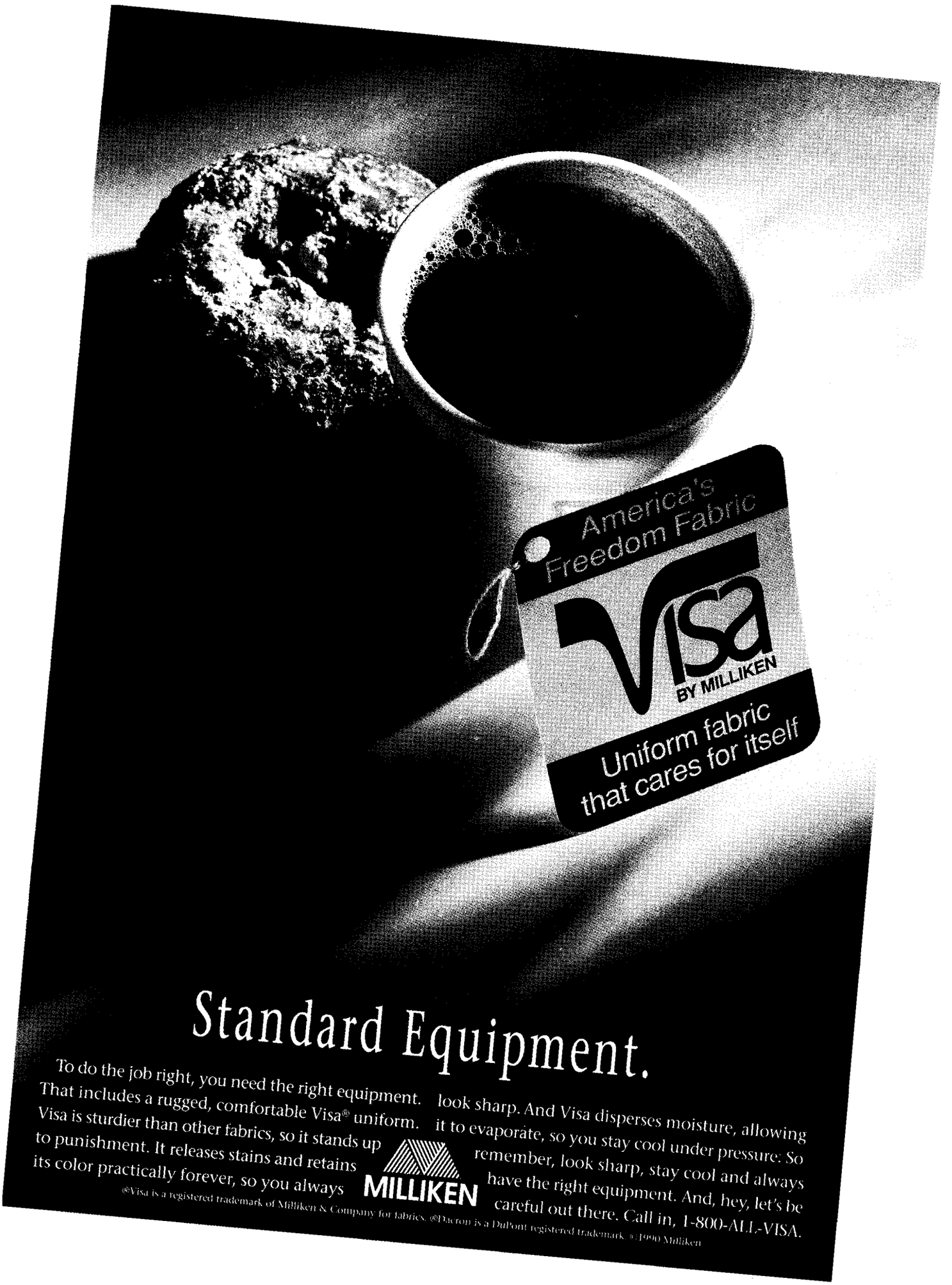

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